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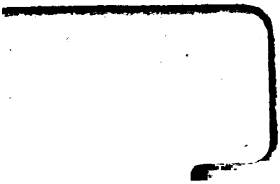
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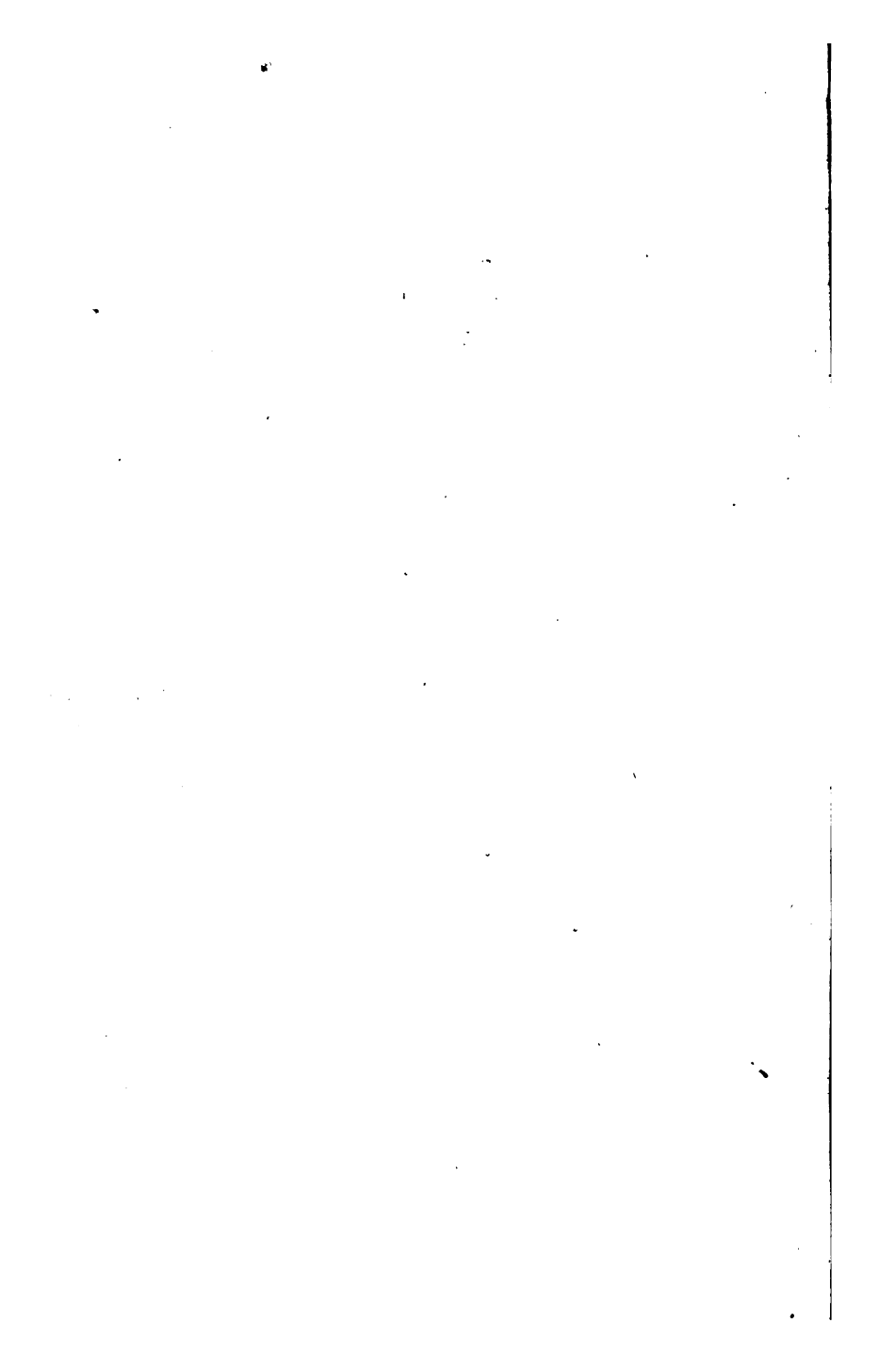
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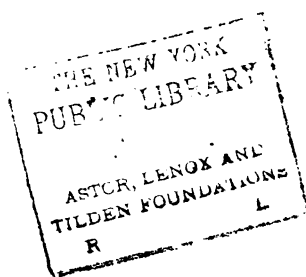
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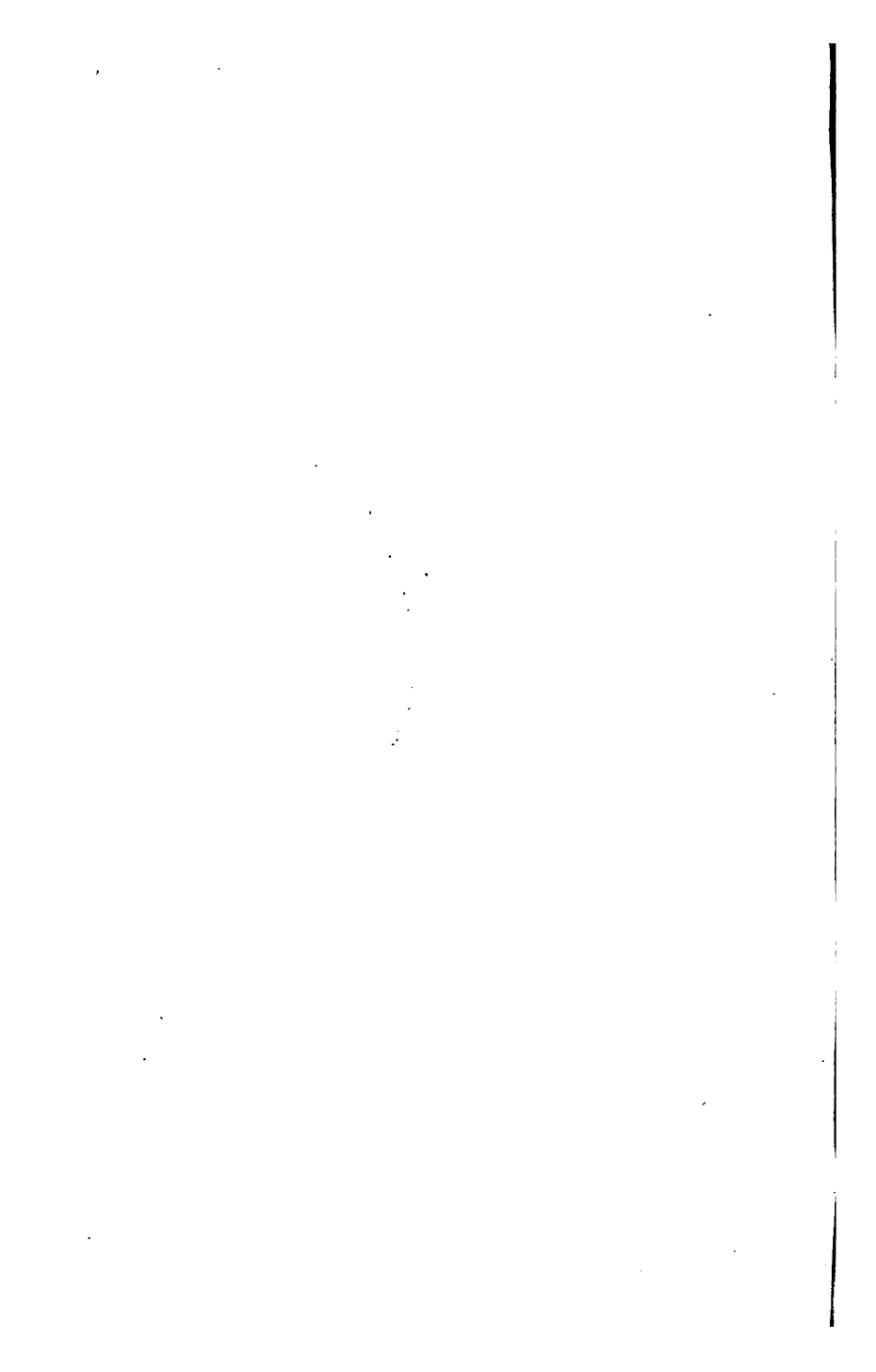
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POEMS.



HARP OF THE VALE:

A COLLECTION OF POEMS,



BY

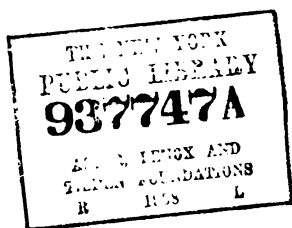
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P R E F A C E .

THE author will simply remark, in committing his volume to the press, that many of the poems in this collection have already appeared before the public in various magazines and other periodicals; and some of them have, for the last few years, been wandering over the country in newspapers, without either name or signature to designate their origin. The fugitives are here reclaimed — the nameless ones re-christened — and several, which now make their first appearance in print, are added as worthy of a place with their associates. He has no explanation or apology to offer for presenting them to the public in their present form. They have generally been penned in the hours of relaxation from severer duties, and if they shall be found worthy of preservation, the author will of course be gratified, — if otherwise, he will be content to see them take their natural course to oblivion.

Opportunity Press 31 Dec 1937

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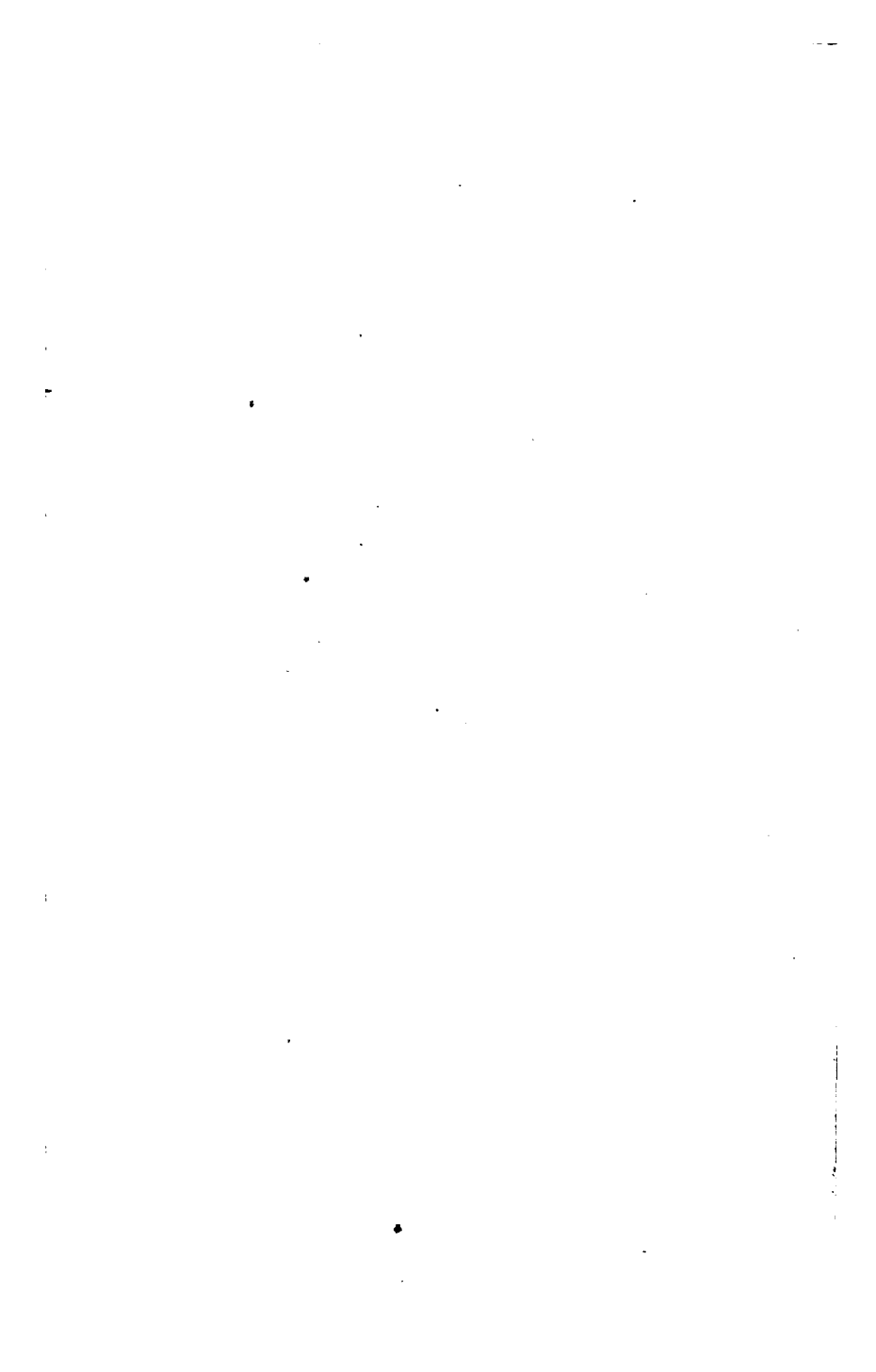
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"Go, little book, from this my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy aim be good,
The world will find thee after many days."

SOUTHEY.

THE SKEPTIC,

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE SKEPTIC.

"There is no God but Nature — no Revelation but Reason."

FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS.

"No God?" O, impious sophist, then are we
Cast pilotless upon an unknown sea,
All wildly gazing on the void profound,
Unknowing whence we came, or whither bound.
The forms around us are not what they seem,
Men are but shadows, Life is but a dream;
And the bright worlds that run their glorious race
Are bubbles floating in the realms of space,—
Self-poised they roll, and self-illumed they shine,
Rise without cause, and sink without design!
Launched on the flood, we trim our fated bark
Beneath a sky — how desolate and dark!
No north-star looms, with fixed and steady ray,
To light the lonely voyager on his way;

Homeless and friendless on the billowy tides,
Tossed by the hurricanes which no one guides,—
Now fired with Hope, now grappling with Despair,
He sees afar some transient beacon's glare—
Pursues it till it fades, then turns in gloom,
To meet his last irrevocable doom.
What though the solace of his lot may be
The meteor-dream of Immortality!—
That spark expires with the departing breath,
No morn shall break the iron sleep of DEATH!

We own thy sway, pale Monarch of the Tomb!
Thou hast the keys of everlasting doom;
The gates of heaven are shut—no God is there—
Its songs are changed to wailings of despair.
And who shall come to tell the tale of wo,
As down thy vale the thronging millions go?
Far in its caverned aisles, more faint and fleet,
We list the tread of unreturning feet—
The voice of wild amaze—the groan—the shriek—
And, ere the final plunge, we hear thee speak
The audit dread which dooms them from the world,—
Deep in oblivion's rayless vortex hurled.

Since all we are and seek for, ends in dust,
Here let us build our mansions, if we must—
Here let us seek for pleasures while they last—
Here let the anchor of our hopes be cast!

Let's talk no more of fair and angel forms,
But cast the loathsome carcase to the worms,
And let no prayer, no funeral rites, be said,
Since life's ethereal spark is quenched and dead;
Or, as we stand around the yawning tomb,
Lift up the voice and speak the Lost One's doom:
"Departed Friend! we lay thy relics here,
No resurrection-voice shall reach thine ear;
The beaming eye, and all that gave it life,
The youthful heart, with joy and virtue rife,—
All that the living love, adore, and cherish,
We cast them in together—thus they perish!
Yet, thou 'st not lived in vain, O son of pride!
Nor shall it be in vain that thou hast died.
Thine heirs will be the richer for thy gold,
The grass and flowers will spring from out thy mold
Fresher and greener than they were of old.
Dupes of a dream! who boast that ye can trace
Your Maker's image in a mortal's face,
Behold that image here consigned to earth,
Nor think ye ere to hail its second birth!"

Christian! renounce thy hopes, thy prayers are vain,
The spirit dies no more to live again!—
Why, then, should holy Faith to heaven aspire,
Love light the soul with her Promethean fire,
And Hope and Fancy fly to realms unknown,
And seek for worlds of bliss beyond our own,

Since the cold grave, the coffin, and the pall,
In endless night so soon shall wrap them all!
I would not tread Life's pilgrimage of pain,
If all its struggles and its strifes were vain;
If, when its duties and its toils were o'er,
The day-star of Existence shone no more.

Man! doth it then thy high ambition suit,
To tax thy powers to prove thyself a brute?—
To prove, when Death the silver cord shall sever,
Thy life and love will be extinct forever?
Wouldst thou blot out the soul—a star so bright—
And quench its being in eternal night?—
Or dost thou hope, by doubting, to destroy
Alike the realms of future wo and joy?
Vain thought!—the time once was when thou wert not;
Whence was that restless soul of thine begot?
Whate'er it be, the Power that formed thee then
Can burst the tomb, and bid thee live again—
Live and endure, what now ye so much dread,
Th' awards of guilt beyond a dying bed.

Hast thou not seen the young and joyous bird,
Marked its bright wing, its voice of music heard,
And thought within thyself how unlike thee
It passed through life—so innocent and free?
And should that minstrel feel the fowler's snare,
And, caged below, be doomed to flutter there,

Would it not mourn the change, and long to soar
In the blue depths it oft had winged before? —
Would it not leap to see its fetters riven,
Spurn the dull earth, and seek its native heaven?
And wouldst thou stifle each aspiring thought? —
Or crush the germ in God's own image wrought?
Say, wouldst thou chain th' immortal spirit down,
Till dust has marred the brightness of its crown?
Skeptics! ye cannot quench that spark divine;
Purged of its dross, it will forever shine!
The soul—the soul, redeemed and purified—
Shall live, though all things perish here beside.
Even now it loves, and, though the world reviles,
Walks in the sun-light of celestial smiles,
Or, mounting upward on ethereal wings,
Soars with the eagle, with the seraph sings!
Its course is heavenward—and its thoughts and themes,
Snatched from the ruins of dissolving dreams,
Are but the silent echoes of His voice
Who bids the wicked mourn, the good rejoice.
If here, fettered with dust and scarred by sin,
It feels the Life Immortal glow within,
How will its powers expand, its triumphs swell,
When Death unlocks the weary captive's cell!

The elements, laden with death and strife,
Are but the ruins of what once had life;
The very dust o'er which the living stroll,

Was once the habitation of a soul !
The teeming earth is but a sepulchre
Where the remains of generations are,
And the loved forms of sons, and sires, and brothers,
Decay, to form a resting place for others !
And it is well. We should not bow to fear,
Nor measure life by its existence here,
Since the pure hearts which Death's cold hands have riven,
Are re-united in the halls of Heaven.
The good can say, "Howl on, ye blasts of care !
A spring succeeds the winter of despair."
When yonder orb its mission shall resign,
And wax and wane in Nature's hoar decline ;
Nay, when the glare of its far-gleaming fire,
Like earthly lamp, shall flicker and expire,
We shall live on, akin, O God ! to thee,
Through the vast cycles of Eternity.
"ETERNITY !" that sound might almost stir
With life the dry bones of the sepulchre !
To war or waves, bewildered, ye may fly,
And seek for death, skeptics, ye cannot die.

See that young widow, full of hope and trust,
Resign the form she cherished to the dust.
Not long ago her bridal vows were spoken,
And now the tie that bound her heart is broken ;
She seeks no more the banquet or the ball,
The homes of friendship, or the social hall,

But aye, from night till morn, from morn till even,
Her thoughts are all on him she loved, and Heaven,
And waits to share with him its blissful lot; —
Is it all fancy? O, disturb her not!
'T were better far that she should still dream on,
Than wake to find her only solace gone.

Say, Skeptic, in thy contemplative hour,
Hast thou not felt the workings of a power
Superior to thyself — apart from thee —
Proclaiming thine own immortality?
Hast thou not seen a spirit in thy path,
Inviting thee to flee from coming wrath? —
Or heard the warning-whisper in thine ear,
To turn ere yet thy latter day draws near?
Tread thou the path that heavenly spirit trod,
— The voice of conscience is the voice of God, —
Nor follow fame, it lures but to ensnare,
Bow at His shrine, and pay thine homage there.
Nay, tell me not of Glory's fadeless wreath,
Which blooms the fairest on the field of death;
'T was sown in guilt — 't was nursed with human gore —
Soon it must droop, to spring on earth no more.
Proud Chieftain! vaunt not of thy deathless name,
Remember how and whence thine honors came;
An hundred youthful hearts, as brave as thine,
Yielded their life's blood on thy glory's shrine!
I would not fall amid the battle's din,
Burning with rage — that unrepented sin —

And thus be hurried on through Death's dim portals,
To that far country unexplored by mortals.
I would not be of earth's allurements riven,
Trode in the dust by chargers fiercely driven,
Where mad Revenge, exultant, leads the van,
And meek-eyed Mercy mourns the guilt of man!

Each distant world its grateful tribute brings,
And swells its anthem to the King of kings;
And Nature, with her Babel-tongue, rings out
Her everlasting jubilee! The shout
Of storm-vexed oceans, and the thunder-shock,
All speak of HIM whom thou hast dared to mock.
Go to the woodlands in the summer days,—
A thousand happy voices hymn HIS praise;
From earth and air the same glad notes are given,
Swell on the breeze and, mingling, mount to Heaven.
The winds, the wild bird's song, the insect's hum,
Are vocal with HIS praise—wilt *thou* be dumb?
Yet, if thou spurn'st the God *we* worship, go
To the green hills when tints of Morning glow,
Unloose thy thoughts, and give thy spirit scope,
And drink from wells of Truth the draughts of Hope,
And there, beneath the limitless expanse,
Kneel and adore thy great Creator, CHANCE!

Man—man alone—thirsting for power and pelf—
Hath dethroned God, and deified himself;

Or, lost amid the ruins of the Fall,
Hath worshiped Nature as the God of all!
As well might he attempt, in mist and vapors,
To blot the sun, and light the world with tapers;
Or prove that the cold statue at the fountain
First made the hand that hewed it from the mountain!

And some there are, bearing the Christian's name,
Who shrink from toil and fear the taunt of shame,
And love the world, its gaiety and strife,
— Dead blossoms clinging to the tree of life,
On which the dew-drops and the showers may fall,
They only rot, and cast a blight on all.
Gird on thine armor, Soldier of the Cross!
Why pause to count thine earthly gain or loss?
Is there no meed but laurels red and gory,
To lure thee on to conquest and to glory?
Is 't not enough to feed Ambition's flame—
A world to win, a lost world to reclaim?
Press on!—the lights of Heaven before thee shine!
Press on!—a wreath unfading shall be thine!

The summons sounds—the rock-built mountains shake—
The living hear it,—and the dead awake,
And leave their transient beds in earth and sea,
And gather to the Judgment. Even he
Who deemed his sleep eternal, hears the token,
And starts amazed to find his slumbers broken;—

Starts up, yet deems his senses are deceiving,
And still he turns, half doubting, half believing,
Till other voices louder than the first,
Like earthquake-tones upon his spirit burst ;
And he is moved by a mysterious power,
To that dread scene — the last decisive hour —
With all who erst in Life's great drama trod,
— The curtain falls — we leave him with his God !

O Genius ! when thy wing betrays its trust,
And stoops from heaven to revel in the dust ;
When the immortal spirit, made to hold
Converse with beings of ethereal mold,
Turns from the banquet of the skies, to swell
The gibbering discord with the heirs of hell,
How — if the prayers of the redeemed on high
Can aught avail with HIM who rules the sky —
How must they plead for those they love below,
When they behold them sunk in crime and woe !
Thrice honored they who, in this vale of tears,
Increase in wisdom as they grow in years,
And with that wisdom own Religion's sway,
And dedicate to good each passing day ;
By deed and word inspiring every mind
With love to God, our country, and mankind.
Fair Poesy shall breathe her songs for them,
And Fame shall crown them with her diadem ;
Lamps, lit in Heaven, shall cheer the pilgrim band,
And light and lure them to that Better Land !

THE MANIAC MAID.

~~~~~  
"She heeds not how the mad waves leap  
Along the rugged shore ;  
She looks for one upon the deep  
She never may see more !"

~~~~~  
MRS. HALE.

I.

A BRAVE young sailor knelt
Before fair Rosalie ;
No happier maiden dwelt
In all the land, than she.
Each tender look and tone
Bespoke a first pure love ;
Her full heart's joy outshone
The færy worlds above !

II.

But those bright hours are over,
The billows and the breeze
Have borne her gallant lover
Far off upon the seas.
Ah ! who shall paint her grief,
Her inward anguish tell,
As with her white kerchief
She waved a last farewell !

III.

Alas, for Rosalie!

Her cheek is wan and pale;
She wanders by the sea,
And watches every sail.
When winds and breakers roar,
And lightnings round her burn,
She sits upon the shore
And waits for his return.

IV.

She deems each home-bound skiff
The herald of his fame;
She hails it from the cliff,
And shrieks her lover's name.
Full well the sea-boy knows
Her wild and piercing cry,
And talks of "crazy Rose,"
But gives her no reply.

V.

At eve, when naught is heard
But the roar of the dashing wave,
And the voice of the lone sea bird
That sings from her coral cave,
She wanders forth, all lonely,
The rocks and sedge among,
And to the cold sea, only,
Pours forth her plaintive song.

VI.

"When will he come?" she muttered,
In a low and stifled tone;
And deep were the vows she uttered,
As by the wave-washed stone
She knelt in holy sorrow,
And poured her prayer of grief,
And sighed for the morrow
To bring her heart relief.

VII.

"When will he come? I've sought him
For many a weary night;
The bark that should have brought him,
Has not appeared in sight.
Ah! has the angry billow
O'erwhelmed him in the sea,
And made its bed his pillow?
It cannot, cannot be!

VIII.

How pure, how brave, how fearless,
The soul that dwelt in him!
'T would seem an eye so tearless
Old Death might never dim!
When cold night-storms were flinging
Their surges to the clouds,
His merry ballad singing,
He climbed the slippery shrouds.

IX.

And can it be, O Heaven!
Has that angelic form,
By blasts and tempests driven,
Gone down amid the storm?
And have the waves swept o'er him,
And set his spirit free?
Then I alone deplore him,
For none will weep but me!"

X.

"When will he come?" Poor maiden!
Well may thy tear-drops start;
With dews thy locks are laden,
A pall is on thy heart!
The terrors of the ocean—
The last bewildering call—
The billows' wild commotion—
He sleeps beneath them all!

XI.

"When will he come?" Ah, Never!
The all-engulfing wave
Hath closed o'er him forever,
And sealed his silent grave!
The storm may sweep above him,
And rock the restless deep;
Nor wind nor wave can move him,
Or break his quiet sleep.

XII.

"When will he come?" Oh! leave him
To slumber with the dead;
The genii will receive him
In his far ocean bed.
On this lone desert stay not,
He will return no more;
The mountain wave survey not,
Oh leave the gloomy shore!

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

WHERE dwelleth it? Not in the festooned hall
Where Mirth's gay circles hold their nightly dance,
And wine and music keep the mind in thrall,
And madly quench its bright inheritance.
Nor dwells it in the smooth and measured line,
Where sounding words usurp the place of sense;
But in the heart it builds its holiest shrine,
And on the world's broad page its splendors shine.

It fills our mountain-land, whose rocks and woods
All wildly stand in their primeval form;
It is embodied in the waterfall,
And echoes in the voices of the storm!
Ours is the poet's land! Its battle grounds
With spectre-steeds and spirit-warriors swarm! —
Unbroken silence fills our deep profounds —
Oblivion's rayless night broods o'er our ancient mounds!

Go out upon the hills when morning breaks,
And there it dwells in beautiful array;
Fair landscapes smile, and silver streams and lakes,
Laughing and leaping on their joyous way,

Seem like a young and renovated throng
Just waked from rosy dreams to hail the day !
It fills the air, and breathes in many a song,
And perfumed gales are wafting it along.

Go when soft twilight casts its shadows o'er thee,
Veiling the glorious landscape from thine eye,
Till Fancy's brighter regions pass before thee ;
Go when the stars are brightest in the sky,
And mutely gaze and wonder as they shine,
Till aspirations that can never die
Go upward from thy heart's devoted shrine—
Then shall that spirit meet and blend with thine.

Peasant, or sage, or child ! — when thou dost feel
That flame within thee blazing, quench it not !
'T will trace, in characters of wo or weal,
Lines which eternity may never blot.
Oh, cherish the sweet sister of Devotion !
'T will smile on thee amid thy darkest lot,
Lighting each frown and soothing each commotion,
Like moonlight beaming on the billowy ocean.

For him, whose mind is taught in Nature's school,
Until his thoughts, indignant at control,
Go forth unshackled by the rhymer's rule,
There is a lesson traced on every scroll.
The melody of earth, and air, and sea,
Steal o'er him like a trance, until his soul,

Catching a glimpse of its high destiny,
Leaps in its cell, impatient to be free !

The untaught savage, as he sits at eve,
In thoughtful mood, by his rude cabin door,
Watching the stars as one by one they leave
Their hiding place, to light his forests o'er,
Feels in his bosom rise, he knows not why,
A thousand thoughts he never thought before ;
And meteor-like they wander through the sky,
Gathering new shapes and colors as they fly.

The golden age of Poesy has gone,
Far other themes the sons of Fame inspire ;
Men, in the rush of thought, so wise have grown,
Few court its smiles, and fewer feel its fire.
Some strive for Wealth's gay hall and glittering tower,
And others for Ambition's meed aspire,
And run and win, perchance, the race for power —
Transformed from sots to sages in an hour !

Why is it thus ? The stars as brightly glow
As when o'er Eden's early bowers they hung ;
The summer nights are not less glorious now,
Than when the rapt Chaldean shepherds sung ;
The roaring pines still deck our hills, and never,
Since these old mountains with the war-hoop rung,
Rose they more statelily ! Each rill and river
Rolls to the ocean, beautiful as ever.

Bards of my native land ! awake once more
The long-neglected numbers of the Lyre ;
And, like the minstrel-seers that sang of yore,
Light up, in kindred hearts, a kindred fire !
Thus shall ye haste the era when mankind
Shall burst their shackles with indignant ire,—
And the free spirit shall their thoughts unbind,
And rule again the universe of Mind.

H O P E .

THOUGH thick darkness glooms before us,
And a thousand tempests blend,
HOPE's bright rainbow, bending o'er us,
Tells us that the storm will end:
Cheating life of half its sorrow,
Chasing half its ills away,
With the solace that to-morrow
Will be brighter than to-day!

Radiant star! shine on forever
In the Future's distant skies;
Farther down life's rapid river—
There the land of promise lies.
On we glide, of Glory dreaming,
Pride and Pleasure at the helm;
Ever art thou brightly gleaming
O'er that dim and distant realm!

Though thou art as false and fleeting
As the phantoms of the glen;
Still pursued, yet still retreating—
Cheating all the race of men;
Yet not one of them would barter
That celestial smile of thine,

For the glory-giving charter
Of Golconda's richest mine.

When the homeless stranger, sighing
O'er the last, last sand of life,
On the strength of God relying,
Nerves him for the final strife,
Hell may all its legions rally —
Fiends may startle or allure —
If THOU lightest Death's dark valley,
He shall tread its gloom secure !

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

OH! what a boundless gulf there lies between
The age we live in, and the age gone by!
To tell how it was crossed so soon, I ween,
The mightiest of magicians would defy.
In seasons of distress and ruin then,
They sought relief in penitence and prayer;
And all the people flocked to worship, when
The sweetly echoing church-bells called them there.
And good and honest men, not long ago,
Procured their living in an honest way;
And trod a path to fortune safe but slow,
Nor bought without the wherewithal to pay.
If in a trade, which two might be completing,
One sought his neighbor's good less than his own,
He said his prayers, sang psalms, and went to meeting,
For crime so heinous to atone;
But speculation, our new way of cheating,
Was then unknown.

What is the wisdom of this boasting age?
It is to follow the designing few
Who call its sophistry profound and sage,
And add their own to prove its falsehoods true.

It is to join the clamor, at command,
To make a patriot of a politician ;
To scatter blight and ruin through the land,
Then glory in its prosperous condition !
It is to press through life, by envy goaded,
Lest others should a higher path pursue ;
To blow a steamboat up, with people loaded,
And give a "scientific view !"
To steal old systems, long ago exploded,
And call them new.

Our demagogues of "bone and sinew" prate ;
Whate'er the prize, superior strength must win it !
As if it were a virtue to be great
In body, though a fiend should reign within it.
The man of leisure, in these working times,
Cannot in peace pursue his own enjoyment ;
Nor bard can think his thoughts, nor write his rhymes,
But he must seek some *practical* employment !
What useless things are books to human bliss !
They cannot feed the poor — nor fight the Turks —
Nor clothe nor house the multitude in winter !—
Another age, more wise, perhaps, than this,
May learn where the disorder lurks,
And teach its happy sons to shun the printer,
And all his works !

THE TRIUMPHS OF LOVE.

In the dawn of young manhood—the soul's harvest time—
When the proud heart exults in the strength of its prime,
Love comes with a footstep so stealthy and still,
It conquers and captures and leads us at will,
And the sunlight of joy o'er the glad spirit reigns,
We rejoice in its raptures, but feel not its chains!
Then Memory's shēen pours its light from the past,
And the halo of Hope o'er the future is cast,
And we sigh for no paradise brighter than this,
For the earth is an Eden of beauty and bliss.
Love brightens the landscape and perfumes the flower,
And peoples with angels each cottage and bower;
Gives peace to the spirit and light to the eye,
And tinges with glory the ocean and sky.
It comes to the priest in the midst of his prayer,
And he prays for his flock while he dreams of the fair! —
It comes—and the lawyer forgeteth his client,
The iron-browed justice grows mellow and pliant;
And the sage in the Senate, the soph at his Latin,
Will talk of pink ribbons and bonnets of satin!
When the bright stars are glowing like gems in the skies,
The maiden looks forth from her lattice and sighs;

While she muses and ponders with ecstasy over
The last sweet epistle received from her lover.

When coldness comes down like a blight on the heart,
And the friends that we trusted betray and deceive;
When from all that we love we are doomed to depart,
In the midst of our griefs it is sweet to believe
There's an eye that will brighten, a heart that will burn,
To mark our departure, and greet our return.
There's a solace in parting if erst we can say,
As we turn from the scenes of our childhood away,
To wander afar o'er Life's wearisome track:
There are voices of love that will welcome us back.
Wild and dark though the billows of passion may roll,
Like the tides of the ocean, o'erwhelming the soul,
Still, still in our bosoms, wherever we roam,
There's a magnet that points to the pole-star of Home!
Oh! give me the heart of the maid I love best,
And a vine-covered cot in the wilds of the West,
And though Pleasure should tempt, it should tempt me in
vain —

Though Fashion might lure me to follow her train —
Though Ambition might point to the palace or throne —
I could turn from them all to that home of my own!

Love is timid, and bashful, and crimsoned with blushes;
And, anon, through the soul like a tempest it rushes —
Reviving the embers of passion and strife,
And quick'ning the dust of dead hatreds with life.

It hath led the bold knight, in his armor of steel,
Like a slave at the footstool of beauty to kneel ;
And hath nerved the meek spirit of woman to braye
The flame and the faggot, chains, death, and the grave!
At its mandate, alike, hath the vassal and lord
Doffed the trappings of Peace for the helmet and sword ;
And the myriads have rushed from the mountains and
moors,

Till Death, to receive them, flung wider its doors!
It hath blazed o'er the world like a beacon of wrath,
Red Slaughter hath strode in its desolate path,
Till the world by the whirlwind of battle was shaken,
Its hamlets laid waste, and their hearth-fires forsaken. .
I have followed the track of the legions of old,
From the camp and the march, to their bed in the mold ;
Have beheld halls and towers, that were piled to the sky,
O'erthrown and despoiled by the glance of an eye ;
And kingdoms and crowns from their glory cast down,
Lest some fair Cleopatra or Helen might frown!
As I roamed through the desolate halls of the dead,
And gazed on the ruins around and above,
In the depths of my spirit I silently said:
These, these are thy trophies, invincible Love!

Peace, peace to the *dead*! — let them rest from their sor-
row,
Awaiting the dawn of an endless to-morrow ; —
But mourn for the *living*, whose spirits are broken,

Whose sighs are unbreathed and whose woes are unspoken,
Who pine in the vigils of midnight alone,
O'er the hopes that have faded, the joys that have flown!
Mourn for them! With the laugh and the jest on their lips,
Their sun, ere its noon, met a sudden eclipse;
And now sad and lone to the grave they are going,
Though they smile as of yore, tears are inwardly flowing;
On their brows, though the semblance of quiet is there,
'Tis the sabbath of grief—'tis the calm of despair.
Mourn for them! Though their banquets and revels they
keep,

They go from the halls of the mirthful to weep—
To muse o'er the visions of Love and Renown
That were theirs ere the day-star of Hope had gone down.
And they strive to recall them, but vain the endeavor,
Those spells of enchantment are broken forever.

Oh, Love—'tis the sweetest and frailest of flowers
That springs by the way-side or gladdens our bowers;
Ere its prime, by the breath of the storm it is riven,—
It may *bud* on the earth, it must *blossom* in Heaven!

THE DYING ONE.

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"The young heart' mournful dream is past,  
The golden chords are severing now!"  
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FRIEND, farewell! the day is dawning
Which shall never know an end;
Streaks of light presage the morning,
With that Perfect Day to blend.
Soon upon the hills of glory
Shall thy ransomed spirit stand,
Listening to Salvation's story
Chanted by the seraph-band.

List the sound of angels flying!
Hear them rushing from the sky!—
No, the summer winds are sighing—
'Tis a zephyr passing by.
Yet, perchance, they 're now before thee,
On their embassy of love;
Noiselessly they 're hovering o'er thee,
Soon to welcome thee above!

How the breath of pure devotion
Every hope and fear o'erwhelms!
Like a zephyr on the ocean
Wafting thee to brighter realms.

Lo! thy spirit's chains are riven—
Lo! 'tis struggling to be free!
Young in years, but ripe for Heaven,
Who 'd not wish to die like thee!

Sweet the smiles thy brow adorning,
As thou bid'st the world adieu,
And the splendors of that morning
Burst upon thy raptured view!
When in glory thou art shining,
—If a mercy-seat be there—
May thy friend, on earth repining,
Be the burthen of thy prayer!

Fare thee well!—the day is breaking
Which shall never know a night;
Fare thee well!—thou art awaking
In the fadeless realms of light!
Thus the soul, its fetters spurning,
Wins and wears a crown of gold;
But the dust, to dust returning,
Soon shall mingle with the mold.

STANZAS TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

WHEN from home and its loved ones fate called me to sever,
I paused on the threshold and bade them adieu ;
And the hills of New-England seemed dearer than ever,
As away in the distance they faded from view.
Yet in visions I visit the green banks of Bantam,
All arrayed in the glory of autumn, as then,
And I dream thou art there, like a beautiful phantom,
The joy of thy dwelling—the sylph of the glen.

Thou art gone, thou art gone, while thy young heart is
lightest !

Like Vesper, I hail thee the star of the West ;
'Mid the radiant galaxy thou wilt shine brightest,
'Mid the belles of Ohio the fairest and best.
Thus the friends of my youth, one by one, have departed,
And have left me alone to a cheerless sojourn ;
Afar they are scattered—the young and light-hearted—
Or have passed to the land whence no tidings return !

The song of the wild-birds—the gush of the fountains—
Those voices that gladdened the summer, are still ;
And the storm-god hath come from the cold northern
mountains,

And plucked the flower-blossoms from valley and hill.
The winterly winds, and the forest-pines roaring,
Sound mournful and sad round thy far distant home ;

Yet warm hearts are there, choicest blessings imploring
Upon thee, till the glad hour of meeting shall come.

Oh, may guardian spirits defend and watch o'er thee,
And soothe every sorrow, and shield thee from pain ;
And safe to the scenes of thy childhood restore thee,
When the spring-time hath robed them in verdure again !
Thou hast felt how the ties of Affection are riven—
Thou hast seen a loved sister laid low 'neath the sod ;
But the reapers that gather the harvest of Heaven,
Bore her spirit away to the garner of God !

The roses of health on thy fair cheek are glowing—
Too lovely to last in a region like this ;
Hope's her spells of enchantment around thee is throwing,
And thou deemest the Future as teeming with bliss.
Yet trust thou in God !—earthly friendships must sever—
Come, bow at His shrine in thy beauty and bloom,
And with bright ones above thou may'st shine on forever,
When the light of thine eye shall be quench'd in the tomb !

The day-dreams of life—they are fitful and fleeting—
What thousands who flourished before us have gone !
I have panted for Fame, though I knew it were cheating,
And the shade of Ambition still beckons me on.
Hark ! the whirlwinds of Death all around me are sweeping,
And requiems and dirges are loading the gale ;
In the grave, all unnoted, I soon shall be sleeping,
And my wild harp no more will be heard in the vale !

RETROSPECTION.

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"I would not live life o'er again,  
For all its joy, to share its pain."

Mrs. EMBURY.

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OH, I would live life o'er again,
To sieze its joy, to shun its pain,
To spend aright its misspent hours,
To shun its thorns, and pluck its flowers.
They err, who deem a world like this
Hath more of sorrow than of bliss.
Jôy singeth gaily on the mountain,
It sparkleth in the sun-lit fountain,
It echoeth from glen and grove,
And beameth from the eye of Love;
'Tis painted on the skies of even,
And comes to us in thoughts of Heaven.

Oh, then, sweet Minstrel! why should'st thou
Wear gloom and sorrow on thy brow? —
Why wake thy lyre to saddening themes,
Since life is filled with pleasant dreams,
And friends, and love, and hope, are thine,
And holy lights around thee shine?

Yet will I not upbraid the view
Thou takest of life, though dark its hue;

I will not chide—I too have felt
My heart, when nerved most sternly, melt ;
I know that tears may dim the eye,
And mists will sometimes veil the sky,—
Yet Faith's sweet star, forever bright,
Will tinge the darkest cloud with light !

THE FALL OF POLAND.

THE purple Morn, enthroned on high,
Had hung her beacon in the sky,
As loudly the shrill trumpet rang
 From out the foeman's tent,
And each to his bold charger sprang,
 And forth to victory went.
Their flowing plumes, of many a stain,
Shook, as they bounded o'er the plain,
 Like autumn's forest trees;
And burnished lances brightly gleamed,
And proud their gorgeous banners streamed
 Before the morning breeze.
Awakened at the bugle's call,
Fresh legions poured from hut and hall;
Phalanx on phalanx, rank on rank,
Advancing, joined Suwarow's flank,
And still they sped o'er field and flood,
Like blood-hounds on the scent of blood,
Till lo! along the horizon's line
 They saw the towers of Warsaw rise —
Her banners wave — her turrets shine —
 Like gleams of glory in the skies!
And, ere an hour, in proud disdain
 Their leader waved his sword in air,

Surveyed the armies on the plain,
And vowed to wade in carnage there.

And POLAND's chieftains, stern and bold
As were the Spartan band of old,
Had marshalled on that dark field then
Her gallant youth and mighty men,
Each, all, resolved their homes to save,
Or make the battle-field their grave.

They met — like two electric clouds,
Amidst the flash and roar of strife;
The smoke of battle wove the shrouds
Of those who there gave up their life.
The men of old Thermopylæ
Who stood against proud Xerxes' host,
Were not more worthy to be free,
Nor yet of mightier deeds could boast,
Than those who fought and fell, that day,
In Freedom's consecrated name —
Who rushed unto their gory tomb,
And met a martyr's glorious doom
Upon the field of fame!
They fought — till HE, the tried and true,
Who led that morn the gallant few,
Saw his brave comrades trodden low
Beneath the steed-hoofs of the foe.
Yet fearlessly he trod the field,

With slaughtered hosts around him ;
With heart too brave, too proud to yield,
He grasped more firm his sword and shield,
And, ere his triumph-hour was won,
He girded yet still tighter on

The martial belt that bound him.

Undaunted, unsubdued he stood,
Encompassed by the hireling brood,
And wildly gazed upon the crowd,
Amidst their acclamations loud,
Then rushed impetuous on the foe,

With voice of wrath and eyes of fire,
Determined with one mighty blow

To fall, and with his land expire.
He fell ! — POLAND'S last champion fell —
His groans were Freedom's funeral knell !
He sank upon his clay-cold pillow
Calm as a sea without a billow,
And bade adieu to earthly things

Like one whose earthly hopes were riven ;
His spirit plumed its eagle wings,
And soared perchance to God and Heaven !

And when the battle's strife was o'er,
And the victor's shout was heard no more,
And the pale moon its dim light shed
On the cold corpses of the dead,
There gathered to the gloomy plain

The wives and daughters of the slain,
Who, from the hill-sides near and far,
Had watched the whelming tide of war.
There, steed and rider, side by side,
Lay weltering in the purple tide ;—
Soldier and chief, without a sigh,
Had laid their weapons down, to die ;
And cherished friends, and deadly foes,
All, all were hushed in deep repose.
Yet thither came, at dead of night,

 The timid maiden from her bower—
The bride, in wedding-robes bedight,
 Lovely as on the bridal hour !
'Mid mangled heaps, like spectres, see
 How slow and cautiously they tread !—
O Woman ! 't is no spot for thee !

 What seek'st thou thus among the dead ?
They came—on Mercy's mission bound—
 Perchance to bring a sire relief—
To bind a friend's or lover's wound—
 And shed o'er all the tear of grief !

And, ere their holy task was o'er,
 They sought their CHIEFTAIN's cold remains,
Whose lofty spirit—now no more—
 Had fled those sanguinary plains !
Silent and sad they wound their way,
To lay him in his house of clay,

And, with night's veil around them flung,
The solemn funeral dirge was sung,
And there, on earth's cold, cheerless breast,
Beyond the fatal battle's storm,
They laid their hero down to rest,
Unknelled, uncoffined, for the worm!
And there he sleeps, to wake no more
Till the long night of death is o'er!
Yet though his body rests beneath
The sod, in his own native clime,
His name shall triumph over death,
And live through all the years of time.
No storied urn towers o'er the tomb
Where the brave warrior sleeps;
Nature bewails his early doom,
And earth his hallowed ashes keeps.

POLAND, farewell! — thy glorious name
Is written in the book of fame,
In characters of truth, sublime,
Which shall defy the wreck of time.
Ages unborn shall mourn thy doom,
And gather round thy lonely tomb,
And pluck the flower amid the gloom
Of thy sepulchral urn;
There they the kindred tear shall shed
O'er the dust of thy immortal dead,
Where once in Freedom's cause they bled —
Where still their altars burn!

Oppression! boast thy victor's charms,
And glory in thy wealth and arms;
Whet thy lance, and fill thy quiver,
Vengeance will not sleep forever!
For lo! the MERCIFUL and JUST,
In whom the righteous place their trust,
— Whose laws and precepts thou hast broken —
Thy dark and fearful doom hath spoken.
Some rival Power shall yet arise,
And grasp the pillars of thy fane,
Whose towering top hath reached the skies,
Whose bounds extend from main to main.
Yea, Moscow, with her hundred spires,
Shall yet again re-light her fires,
Whose flames shall spread their lurid light
O'er the cold wastes of Arctic night,
Where Freedom's hapless sons repine
Within the deep and dampsome mine.

Then lost Sarmatia, from the dust upspringing,
Shall hear thy thrones and mitres as they fall;
Her glorious standard to the north-breeze flinging,
Shall rise and reign triumphant o'er them all!

OUR COUNTRY GIRLS.

LET others chime their love-sick ditties
To pale-faced maidens, caged in cities,
And breathe their welcomes and farewells
To gay coquettes and flaunting belles —
My muse shall soar on higher wings,
Nor stoop to praise such useless things!
So well they know the blank within
Could ne'er a man of judgment win,
They deck themselves in silks and laces,
Like savages they paint their faces,
And strive to gain, by dint of art,
The charms they lack of head and heart.
And sometimes—if I must be candid—
'T is said their teeth are second-handed,
And e'en their rich and glossy curls
Were long since worn by Tuscan girls!

Be mine a nobler theme—to trace
The lines of beauty and of grace
That mark our country girls;
Whose brilliant eyes are never dull —
With faces fresh and beautiful,
And teeth like polished pearls!

Reared 'mid the rural solitudes
Of our green land of fields and woods,
They love the landscape and the flower,
The stream, the garden, and the bower,
And drink at Nature's crystal fountains,
And breathe the pure air of her mountains.
Tinged with the rosy hues of health,
They need no ornaments of wealth,
Nor rouge, nor gems, nor gay attire,
To make us marvel and admire!

Where'er their lot in life may fall,
In lowly cot, or lofty hall, —
Or though they pass life's tranquil dream
Beside some lonely mountain stream,
Or roam by Bantam's quiet waters,
Or listen to the loud Atlantic,
They're still New-England's favorite daughters —
Warm-hearted, beautiful, romantic!
In them, true gracefulness survives,
Unmasked by affectation's arts;
Their looks, their language, and their lives,
Are but the index of their hearts.

Oh! I have fancied they were given
To glad the hearts of lone exiles; —
Young angels strayed away from heaven,
To light this dark world with their smiles!

'Tis well they left their wings above,
Ere starting on their voyage of love ;
Else, when they found their fate enrolled
With hearts so stupid and so cold,
They 'd leave this sullen world of ours,
And seek again those blissful bowers!

THE SEXTON'S SONG.

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—— "THE theme is old  
Of "dust to dust," *but half its tale untold.*"  
~~~~~  
BYRON.

THROUGH the live-long day, at the churchyard gate,
With his mattock and spade, the Sexton sate,
Muttering and mute by turns, the while,
As his features changed with a frown or smile.
His eye still flashed, though his head was gray,
And the school-boys trembled to pass that way,
For they knew his face was haggard and grim,
And they feared to cast a glance at him.
And the ancient dames, all trembling and pale,
Had told them many a marvellous tale—
How he summoned the ghosts from their graves at night,
And danced with them 'neath the cold moonlight—
Of the fearful lights that were seen to glide
Around the grave of the murdered bride,
And the ominous sounds on the ear that fell,
Like the wail of spirits released from hell—
And amid those shrieks, which the brave heart stirred,
Was the voice of that hoary Sexton heard!

Yet silent set he—that man of death—
With a sullen brow, and a murmuring breath,

Till some sad mourner his stipend paid,
And sent him forth to his gloomy trade;
Then he blithely sang as he plodded along,
And this was the gray old Sexton's song:

"The monarch may boast of his power, to-day,
But the glare of his glory will pass away;
He may scorn me now, but, soon or late,
I will bear him forth from his bed of state,
And little care I for his lordly sneer,
For he 'll scorn no more when I've laid him here!

I saw a fair lady go rustling by,
With a curling lip and a scornful eye;
And deep in her heart she silently said,
'I fear thee not, thou man of the dead,
For the blossoms of health and youth are mine,
And the rainbows of hope above me shine!"
But they brought her to me, all despoiled of her bloom,
And I laid her down in the damps of the tomb,
And the vile earth-worm is rioting now
On her withered form and her faded brow!

Remember a youth, full of fancy and song,
And I noted him oft as he passed along,
For he shrank away from the haughty and proud,
And his heart seemed sad 'mid the jovial crowd.
He had sought for fame—there was none for him—
And his cheek was pale, and his eye was dim;

So he turned him to rest on his feverish pillow,
But disease crept on, and his peace was o'er,—
I spread him a couch 'neath his favorite willow,
And I'll warrant he'll sigh and sorrow no more!

A titled 'squire dwelt over the way,
And loudly he talked of his wealth and renown;
And he dashed in his gay calash, by day,
And he rested at night on his bed of down.
But they stripped him of all his costly robes,
In his death-cap and shroud they arrayed him,
And he never slept so soundly before,
As he slept in the bed where I laid him!

I have seen a dull knave rich in glory and gold,
And I've seen the pure-hearted go hungry and cold;
And the proud and the poor, and the gloomy and gay,
I have gathered them all to their dwellings of clay!
I have herded with mourners for three-score years,
And I hear not their wailings, I heed not their tears;
While they sigh and look doleful, I laugh in my glee,
For the rattling of coffins is music to me!
The clack of my spade warns the old of their doom;
I am shunned by the young like a phantom of gloom,
And they fly from my path on the footsteps of fright,
But they soon will be mine! for I've buried from sight
The idol of beauty, the searcher for fame—
O, well may they shudder to hear my name!

Ha ! little care they to know, I ween,
Of the gory and ghastly sights I 've seen ;
Or the sounds of mirth, or the shrieks of wo,
That ring through the vaulted halls below !
When the skies are dark, and the storms are loud,
The dead leave their coffin-beds, each in his shroud,
And I know their limbs are nimble and fleet,
For I heard the clank of their skeleton feet,
As they tripped it light o'er the marble floor,
And their music rang 'mid the tempest's roar.
And I listened long to their echoing tread,
And my spade kept time to the dance of the dead !
Then the clatter of bony hands I heard,
As they clasped each other, with never a word ;
For the tongues of the dancers no sound could repeat,
Strange music was there, but their voices were still,
Yet nimble and fleet were their skeleton feet,
As lightly they wheeled in the gay quadrille !”

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

How many a form my childhood knew,
Hath passed forever from my view,
To scenes untried before!
How many who, but yesterday,
Like guiding-stars shone round my way,
Will cheer my path no more!

I knew a loved and ardent youth,
Whose life of toil was putting forth
The buds of young renown;
But DEATH, the reaper, passed that way,
And saw him standing, fair and gay,
And cut him down!

A group were in their social bower,
A beautiful but tender flower
Was blooming at their side;—
Years fled—Consumption's withering hand
Passed o'er it—in a distant land
It faded, drooped and died.

Now Heaven hath claimed another heir—
Another name is written there—
Another star gone down.

Though Fame ne'er poured its praise on thee,
My friend, a nobler boon shall be
Thy coronal and crown.

Beloved on earth thy name shall be,
Thy friends shall guard thy memory
While life to them is given ;
Oh, may they mark thy brief career,
And imitate thy virtues here,
And share thy rest in Heaven !

Shades of departed friends ! perchance
Ye're roaming through yon bright expanse,
Unreached by storm or billow ;
Or, by some guardian-angel led,
Are stealing now, with noiseless tread,
Around some dreamer's pillow.

And that lorn dreamer sees and hears
The loved ones of long-vanished years,
Life-like, before him rise ;
And springs, with hope feeling warm,
To greet some well-remembered form,
But lo ! the spectre flies !

They've passed away—they've passed away—
Their forms are wedded to Decay,
To share the common lot ;—

But they were young ; Love's holy flame
Gleamed bright, till the Destroyer came —
Can *they* ere be forgot ?

Yet breasts as pure and warm as theirs —
Light-hearted youth, and men of cares,
Have shared the general doom ;
Nor earthquake-shock, nor thunder-peal,
Can break oblivion's mighty seal,
Nor rouse them from the tomb.

And thus 't will be when I am gone,
The multitude will still press on
As if they could not die ;
The gay will laugh, the sad will weep,
Suns shine, and tempests o'er me sweep,
While I forgotten lie !

THE DEMAGOGUE.

HE entered the threshold of college,
And plodded through Latin and Greek,
Just sipped at the fountain of knowledge,
And learned the great art—how to speak.
Then he turned to the science of Law,
And conned over Blackstone and Swift,
Till the simple beheld him with awe,
Amazed at his wonderful “gift!”

Now he strutted, with dignified ease,
Round the bar of the village hotel,
And looked as sedate as you please,
And talked upon politics well.
And, anon, with his head hanging down,
As if overburthened with thought,
He strolled through the streets of the town,
And the gaze of the multitude sought.

Look now—what a change in his gait!
He halts at each dwelling and shop,
And chats with the humble and great,
And bows as polite as a fop.

I paused, in a mood for reflection,
And questioned a taker of notes —
'T was the morn of the day of election,
Our hero was bobbing for votes !

But listen ! — the battle is won —
The caucus has come at his call ;
O Phœbus ! what frolic and fun !
His voice is the loudest of all !
Though he 'd feasted on envy and guile
Till his soul had grown sullen and sour,
He came with a counterfeit smile,
And talked with an oracle's power.

The populace shouted his praise,
The presses applauded his zeal ;
He stood in the midst of the blaze,
And felt all his spirit could feel.
He climbed the political ladder,
Till, puffed up with folly and pride,
He burst like an overblown bladder,
And left not a trace where he died.

Poor man ! let him rest where he is,
We would not disturb his repose,
Lest the ghost of his sorrowful phiz
Should revisit the scene of his woes.

Though his soul was surprisingly small,
The gleaners may find it, perhaps,
When, after the judgment of all,
They go forth to gather the scraps!

THE SEMINOLES.

~~~~~

"Soon their graves will be all they shall retain of their once ample hunting-grounds. Their strength is wasted, their countless warriors dead, their forests laid low, and their burial-places turned up by the ploughshare. There was a time when the war cry of a Powhattan or a Delaware struck terror to the heart of a pale-face ; but now the Seminole is singing his last battle-song."

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

~~~~~

STRETCHED out beneath a Southern sky,
The Indian land in beauty lay,
The fairest that the sun's bright eye
Looked down upon, in all its way.
There roamed the dark-browed hunter-clan,
Free as the wild-deer of the wood,
And built their cabins by the stream
That broke their forest-solitude.

Or, when victorious in the fight,
They sought the mountain's blighted tree,
And there they lit their fires at night,
And joined the dance of victory.
Each pale-face, as he saw from far
Their red flames flashing to the sky,
Grew paler at th' ill-omined star,
And turned away with tearful eye,

Their conquests in the years gone by,
Had made them terrible in arms;
One echo of their battle-cry
Filled many a bold heart with alarms.
That stern and haughty tribe had braved
The battlings of an hundred wars;
And now they rested from their toil,
For all that glorious land was theirs!

How changed!—Where once their hamlets stood,
Now rise the cities of their foe;
Their forests and their cabins rude—
The white man's hand hath laid them low.
Of all that rushed to battle there,
A feeble remnant now remains;
The mightiest of their clan are laid,
All nerveless, on their native plains.

Stung by their wrongs, that scattered tribe
Are marshaling their ranks anew;—
Oh, curse them not, ye Christian men,
It may be guilt—'t is glory too!
Again they fly! They battled long—
How *bravely*, let the fair ones tell,
Whose hopes were with the gallant throng
That on those fields of valor fell!

Ah! see them now, with solemn tread,
Slow turning from their buried sires;

Their ranks are thinned, their chiefs are dead,
And quenched for aye their council-fires.
The battle-song that, wild and fast,
Rolled echoing though their forest-land,
Hath died away upon the blast
That sweeps from bleak oblivion's strand.

From shaded glens, and founts, and rills,
Nature's true noblemen have gone ;
No more upon their native hills
Their shouts shall usher in the dawn.
The winter of their years hath come —
The seasons roll, but not for them ;
They're like the faded autumn leaves
That linger on the parent stem.

The day of their renown is o'er —
Lo! in the Past they read their doom ;
May the GREAT SPIRIT they adore,
Cheer their lone pathway to the tomb !
Then go, subdued and vanquished race !
Nor mourn to see thy strength decay ;
The Powers that flourish in thy place,
Will find at last a reckoning day !

TO CLARA.

AND shall I wake my harp to Beauty?
How strange its echoes seem!
A saint might almost swerve from duty
With such a theme!
But then I love the smiles that speak
Of many a bright to-morrow;
I love to see the glowing cheek
Unmarked with sorrow.

And Fancy loves that glorious time
When we were young together,
And Life seemed one unvarying clime
Of cloudless weather.
Even then I had the yankee notion,
That in thy head were hung
That model of perpetual motion —
A woman's tongue!

And now — though manhood's years are mine,
And graver thoughts beguile —
I love to list that voice of thine,
And catch thy smile.

And are thy days of romance fled ?
And is thy free heart caged ?
Old Rumor's busy tongue hath said
Thou art engaged !

Engaged !—and what is that to me ?
I'll bear it, if I can ;
But, somehow, I would like to see
That lucky man !
Say, is he tall, trim-built, and brave ?
A doctor or attorney ? —
Well—if he walks with thee, he'll have
A pleasant journey.

Go, conquerer of many hearts,
Thine own at last hath yielded ; -
From every ill, till life departs,
May'st thou be shielded.
Clara ! thy spirit still is light,
And still thy brow is fair ;
Alas ! that Time should ever write
His wrinkles there !

The praises of the beautiful
Inspire the poet's themes,
And blend with all his brightest hopes
And gayest dreams.

And I would leave Ambition's race,
And turn from Glory's shrine,
To win a smile from one fair face
As sweet as thine !

I've been a wanderer, and I've seen
The belles of many a city,
And sullen men have smiled serene,
And called them pretty.
But though they shine in jewels rare,
Or toss their borrowed curls,
With all their arts, they can't compare
With Yankee Girls !

THE VALE OF CONTENTMENT.

THERE is a deep and lonely glade,
O'erhung with rocks so wild and high,
'T would seem they were the pillars made
To prop the falling sky.

There Nature's sturdy giants rise
To guard that region of the blest ;
It is the Vale of Paradise —
The Eden of the West.

Far down in that sequestered dell,
Within a rude and homely cot,
The children of Contentment dwell,
Though poor and low their lot.

What lies beyond that narrow glen,
They never knew, nor sought to know ;
For centered there, hath ever been
All they desire below.

With Nature's walls around them hurled,
And with a smiling heaven above,
They reck not of the far-off world,
But only live to love.

How blithe, how fleet their moments glide !
What pleasures gild their waking hours,
While musing oft at even tide
Within their peaceful bowers !

But now the lonely nightingale,
Perched on some overhanging steep,
Pours her sweet notes adown the vale,
And soothes them into sleep.

Unstained by sin, unvexed by care,
How speeds imagination's flight !
What spells of joy are working there !
What visions of delight !

The song that charmed their souls to rest,
Transformed by Fancy's magic powers,
Sounds like an anthem of the blest
Waked in celestial bowers.

In peace and happiness they live,
Contented with their humble store ;
They take what Nature deigns to give,
Nor ask nor wish for more.

And thus may we, from year to year,
As uncomplaining pass away,
And at the close of life appear
Sinless and pure as they !

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

LAND of the bright and sunny clime!
Land of the SAVIOUR's birth!
Whose temples rose, in ancient time,
The glory of the earth,—
Whence has thy pride and splendor gone?
Thy holy seers and sages
Sleep in the dust—their names alone
Survive the lapse of ages!

And where are now the glittering hosts
That, in Religion's name,
From the far clime where England boasts
Her matchless navies, came,
And poured the tide of battle down,
By fount, and lake, and river?
Their glory and their strength have flown,
Their sun gone down forever?

Thy children, friendless and alone,
Scattered through every land,
Are wandering from zone to zone,
A scorned and powerless band.

But HE, who guides the sparrow's flight
From morning's dawn till even,
Will lead HIS faithful ones aright,
And bring them safe to Heaven!

Soon, soon shall rise the promised sun,
Thy peaceful shores to lave,
Refulgent with the light that shone
On Jordan's ancient wave.
Soon shall the temples of our God
Be reared on hill and plain,
The soil where priests and prophets trod,
Shall own its sons again!
Blest land!—thy ransomed children now
Around their fathers' altars bow;
And Zion's holy mountain rings
With praises to the King of kings!

DYING WELL.

~~~~~  
"THERE is a victory in dying well."

CAMPBELL.  
~~~~~

WHAT multitudes have toiled and died for fame !
Myriads, now quite unknown, once fondly hoped
Their deeds and names should live when they were dust ;
And myriads, proud of their own greatness, deemed
The world would sit in sackcloth when they died,
Yet, dying, scarce were missed. The crowd passed on,
As it had done before, and soon forgot
That they had lived.

And in the ages past
There were brave men, with proud and haughty words,
Profanely boasting they could face high Heaven,
And hear, unawed, the thunders of their doom !
Burning to win a hero's deathless name,
They left the rural cottage—once their home—
And, rushing to the ranks of war, they sought
Renown in barbarous deeds, and drenched their hands
In the warm blood of Innocence, until
The very fiends might blush to own such allies.
How short their race ! How quailed their coward hearts
When pale Death met them on the verge of fame !

What dismal groans, and shriekings of despair,
Rose from the battle-field as night came on !
Rolling in blood, and maddened by their pains,
They tore each other with their dying grasp,
And oaths and curses fell with their last breath.
Vultures did riot on their flesh, and hell
Glutted its hunger with a feast of souls !

It is not that the warrior fears not death,
That bids him rush so madly to the strife.
Revenge, the thirst for fame, the din of war,
Rob reason of its power, and quench the soul's volition.
Remove him from the battle's giddy whirl,
To solitude, where sober thought might come,
And he would tremble at the dagger's point,
And cling to life with all his energy !

Yet I have seen the mild and timid girl,
Whose being was all gentleness and joy,
Touched by disease. Silent she turned away
From all that made earth glad and beautiful,
And sought the feverish couch. As day by day
Stole on, her freshness fled, till her wan cheek
Seemed radiant with the light of other worlds.
She murmured not — but, as her end drew nigh,
Smiled at the grave and wooed th' embrace of Death.
Hers was a triumph, hers a victory,
More glorious than the conquest of a realm.

Thrice honored he, who, when the frosts of age
Have come, and Death is hovering o'er his couch,
Can cast a retrospective glance upon
A well-spent life, — with no dark-boding fears,
No vain regrets, or unforgiven crimes,
To haunt his spirit in that trying hour!
Serene and tranquil as a summer's eve,
Will be his transit to the great reward!
Like the tired wanderer when his journey's o'er,
He lays his staff and traveling-ropes aside,
And sweetly sinks to rest. No griefs, no pains,
Can break his slumbers now; and would ye lift
Life's bitter chalice to his lips again?

Why do we murmur when the good man goes
To join the silent multitude? Is it
That those whose memory we love, can leave
No lasting record here? — or that the forms
Of youthful innocence, and manly pride,
Must molder in the dust? Yet they shall rise!
Let war rage on, and famine, plague, and fire,
Exhaust their powers — till the depopulated earth
Reels, lumbered with the skeletons of men,
One blast of Gabriel's trump shall wake them all!

THE BEAUTY OF BANTAM.

THE nations may vaunt of their sages and heroes,
Who quailed not in battle and bowed not in prayer;
But their proudest and bravest—their Nelsons and Neros—
All were humbled, and knelt at the shrine of the fair.
That soul must be seared, and that intellect stupid,
Which feels not a rapture the stoic might crave,
When, armed with the arrows and quiver of Cupid,
They go forth to conquer the hearts of the brave!

Old Scotia may boast of the maids of her highlands,
And France of her damsels enchanting and gay;
And the poets may sing of the evergreen islands,
Where the charms of the beautiful fade not away;
And even New-England her legions may rally
From mountain and moorland, from cottage and hall;
But the fair flower that blossoms in Bantam's green valley,
In brightness and beauty excelleth them all.

'Tis midnight—the star-lamps are lighted in heaven,
And dimly reflected in ocean and river;
To the pure heart, and holy, as emblems they 're given,
Of the mitres and crowns that will sparkle forever.

Gay spirits are round thee, thou fairest of dreamers,
To breathe in thine ear the sweet accents of love;
But, while thou art waking, like morning's bright stream-
ers
They will vanish, and blend with the glories above.

'T is the hey-day of fancy, the harvest of feeling!
And I would that thy course through the Future might be
As bright as the visions that o'er thee are stealing,
As pure and enraptured, as tranquil and free!
Thou hast dreamed of a land where the loved ones ne'er
sever,
And the fairy gondola is waiting for thee;—
May thy day-star of glory grow brighter forever!
God guide thee, fair voyager, o'er life's changing sea!

When the castles thy fancy is building are shattered,
And their sun-lighted halls shall have vanished away;
When the friends thou art cherishing now shall be scat-
tered,
And the garlands of youth have all gone to decay,—
If shadows and darkness can ever come o'er thee,
Shedding blight on thy pathway and gloom on thy
brow,—
When the joys of the Past rise in brightness before thee,
Wilt thou think of the minstrel who sings of thee now?

Though from life I may pass, like the vanishing vapor,
And no trace of my footsteps be left on the shore,
Yet perchance this memento, recorded on paper,
May float down the current when I am no more.
And if, when our day-dreams have fled as a phantom,
Far strangers shall ask, as they pass o'er the plain,
For the home or the fate of "the Beauty of Bantam,"
I shall not have chanted thy praises in vain.

THE MISANTHROPE.

~~~~~  
"He stood a stranger in this breathing world."

BYRON.  
~~~~~

HOME of my Childhood's happy hours !
Where are the friends I left with thee ?
Where the loved walks and vine-clad bowers
Which once were here for them and me ?
And where, alas ! the golden dreams
For which I left this cherished spot ?
Gone — like the far-off meteor's gleams,
Which shine a moment, and are not !
Ah, once — it seems but yesterday —
The voice of Friendship here was heard ;
Joy beamed from many a sparkling eye,
And smiles each well-known feature stirred.
Now, through these solitary walls
The night-wind whistles gloomily,
And safe the slimy reptile crawls,
Where naught but mouldering ruins lie.
Even around the threshold stone,
The rank weeds nod before the breeze ;—
Alas ! that scenes forever gone,
Should be exchanged for such as these !

Since first I left this peaceful dome,
Far through the cheerless world to roam,
I've wandered far, and wandered long,
Through lands of Poesy and Song,
And sought (but found it not) a name
Which should survive this mortal frame.
Through many a long and changeful year
The earth hath drank the falling tear,
And Fate — who fawns before the vile —
Hath lent her frowns, without a smile.
From youth, I've been the world among —
 Its foulest dregs were left for me —
A demon's heart — an angel's tongue —
 Its strongest vows were perjury!

Yet one alone I loved — her heart
 As pure as mortal ever knew;
Fair Nature's child, devoid of art,
 With soul unsullied as the dew
That bathes the earliest warbler's wing;
 But, long before my summer pass'd,
I saw that loved one withering
 Like flowers before the mountain blast!

Adieu, O Time! I leave thee soon,
 No more to feel thy pangs again;
My sun must set, ere yet the noon
 Of life hath shone on other men.

O Earth! thou theatre of Time!
From thee no joy my bosom warms;
Thy scenes are fraught with grief and crime,
With dark and desolating storms.
Away! nor tempt my soul anew,
With promises of future bliss;
Thy purest joys are false and few—
Thy fairest bower, a wilderness!
Farewell to all my dreams of fame,
Which led me through thy mazes lone;
I leave thee now without a name,
I die, as I have lived, unknown!
To thy cold breast I go, unwept,
To sleep where long my friends have slept.

NEW - ENGLAND .

~~~~~  
"LAND of the forest and the rock,  
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,  
Of mountain reared aloft to mock  
The storm's career, the earthquake's shock —  
My own green land forever !"

~~~~~  
WHITTIER.

I.

LAND of religious sires — of warriors brave —
Of pious vows and matchless chivalry !
Of Freedom's birth — of grim Oppression's grave —
Of mighty rivers rushing to the sea,
Like mortals speeding to eternity !
Land where the Pilgrims rest from all their cares,
From all their toils and all their sorrows free, —
How bless'd, to be deemed worthy of their prayers !
How honored, to entomb such hallowed dust as theirs !

II.

There is a beauty in thy boundless woods —
A living glory in thy founts and streams ;
There is a calm in all thy solitudes,
Meet for the noblest bard's immortal dreams.
There is a charm inwoven with thy themes,
Which fills the mind with the vague thoughts of old ;

Where yet the light of dim tradition beams,
There, there some warrior-chief, of giant mold,
Sleeps in his bed of dust, with all his deeds untold,

III.

Could Nature to thy mountains, green and hoary,
Give, but for one short interval, a tongue,
Full many a legend linked with ancient glory,
Of deeds that hap'd thy gloomy shades among,
When shouts and death-shrieks through the valleys
rung —
Full many a dismal story could they tell,
By scribe unwritten and by bard unsung,
Of youthful patriots who fought and fell,
And sleep unhonored in the solitary dell.

IV.

On their hoar peaks the spirits of the storm
Alight — in mists half veiled from human eye ;
The truant boy, in motionless alarm,
Hath seen them, from their battle-towers on high,
Send forth their lightning-arrows through the sky,
And thought them demons warring in the clouds ;
And homeward sped with wild and frenzied cry,
And trembling told his tale to gathering crowds,
Then slept to dream of ghosts, all dancing in their shrouds !

V.

But God hath made thee what thou art—a land
Where Freedom's sons might dwell, and be content;
He wove thy carpet with a skillful hand,
And spread the forest for a sheltering tent,
And built the storm-defying battlement,
And sent His chosen band to guard them well;
And when on thee the Tyrant's rage is spent,
Yet shall thy walls remain impregnable,
And every son of thine, a faithful sentinel!

VI.

The brave went forth, while fairy hands were wreathing
Garlands to deck the hero's honored brow;
Fair youth and holy men to Heaven were breathing
The Christian's blessing and the Patriot's vow.
They were a stubborn race, and scorned to bow
To aught save Him whose mandate made them free;
To Him each morn and eve they knelt—as now
Their faithful children bend the pious knee—
And poured their prayers to God—the God of Liberty.

VII.

Old Bunker's heights are thine—in story famed—
The modern Sinai, on whose holy brow
The irrevocable law of Freedom was proclaimed
Amid the roar of Revolution! Thou
Didst wake the spirit which is spreading now

O'er every nation,—in whose glorious reign
Monarchs and mitred heads in terror bow—
Oppression sees her star of empire wane,
Which, once gone down, no more shall rise again!

VIII.

But not alone, New-England, dost thou shine
On the red field where patriots meet to die;
But statesmen, bards, and orators, are thine.
When mad Disunion raised her hand on high,
And shook her flaming torch along the sky,
Thy gifted son amid the strife awoke,
With thunders on his tongue and lightnings in his eye,
Rebellion paused and trembled as he spoke,
Dropped from her grasp her torch, her stolen sceptre
broke.

IX.

Land of the Leetes, the Davenports, and Mathers!
Thy scenes are rife with legendary lore;—
Alas! the glorious era of our fathers
Is written in those mournful words, "of yore."
Seer, witch, and wizard, dwell with thee no more—
The phantom-ships all vanished ere our day—
The time when armies swept the sky is o'er—
And ghosts and goblins, which were wont to stray
Among the churchyard mounds, at night, have fled away!

X.

Home of the bold and free-born mountaineer !
Long may the outcast find a friend in thee,
When from his own storm-shaken hemisphere
He turns, to seek a shelter with the free.
Well mayst thou be the boast of Liberty,
For here her choicest jewels are enshrined —
Limbs which ne'er bowed or quailed at Tyranny,
And souls which Tyranny can never bind, —
Stern as thy mountains are, and chainless as the wind!

XI.

Thy children are an enterprising race,
By Nature framed to brave the storms of time;
They grasp creation in their wide embrace,
And breathe the air of every distant clime.
They are a wayward band. They love to climb
O'er the green hills of other lands, where brave
Men fought and heroes perished in their prime.
Their ships, like sea-birds, glide o'er every wave,
Flapping their snow-white wings, while storms around
them rave.

XII.

Go seek the regions of the icy pole,
Where Winter holds her everlasting reign —
Where whirlwinds sweep and stormy billows roll,
And howl in concert o'er the drear domain.

Go stand upon the highest Alpine chain,
Where murky vapors never veil the sky,
But pour their wrath far down upon the plain,
And leave the mountain-tops serene and high,—
Thy sons have trod those cliffs, beneath those waves they
lie.

XIII.

Yet though they wander thus, they love thee well;
When sadly musing on some foreign strand —
When on the ocean's farthest isle they dwell,
They will remember thee, their "own green land,"
And smile to think they soon again shall stand
On thy loved shores. When disappointments come,
Or Death's dread arrows fly at Heaven's command —
Howe'er their lot is cast — where'er they roam —
Their thoughts still dwell on thee, their old New-England
home.

XIV.

How beautiful appear thy cascades, dashing
In brightness from their mountain-springs on high!
Like floods of silver in the sunlight flashing —
Like streams of glory gushing from the sky.
If but for sin, angels to thee would fly,
And saints might from their heavenly thrones come down
To dwell with thee. Thy lakes upon the landscape lie,
Like polished diamonds in a monarch's crown,
Bearing on each bright wave the impress of renown.

XV.

Blest land ! how glorious is thy track, e'en now !

The fires of Genius light thee on thy way ;

Let Justice be thy guiding-star, and thou

Canst smile at Ruin and defy Decay.

No wrecker's light shall lead thy sons astray,

But time will change the twilight of thy sky

To the full glow of an unclouded day.

Then speed thee on ! it needs no prophet's eye,

On the long scroll of time, to read thy destiny !

MAY-DAY MUSINGS.

ADDRESSED TO CLARA.

'T is a bright May-day morn, and the sky-lark is soaring
To bathe its soft plumes in the sun's rising ray ;
The echoing woodlands, the cataracts' roaring,
All herald the dawn of a beautiful day.
The whispering breezes, in tones without number,
And the carolling birds, with their anthems of bliss,
Are calling the sluggard to wake from his slumber,
Oh, who would be sad in a moment like this !

Now Fancy hath folded her unwearied pinion, —
She hath soared in the cold hights of glory too long !
And hath left her bright home in the starry dominion,
To dwell in this region of sunshine and song !
The garlanded meadows with dew-drops are laden,
Yet the girls are all out gleaning blossoms and flowers ;
List, list to the laugh of the light-hearted maiden !
Oh, how blithely are passing the swift-footed hours !

It is well, its well, when the day is declining,
And the night-shade is veiling the landscape from view,
To remember the gloom where no sun-beam is shining —
The mansion all damp with the death-chilling dew.

But in Spring, when the day-dawn the world is adorning,
And the myriads of May-flowers bespangle the lea,
Let us rise with the lark—let us welcome the morning
With songs of thanksgiving, and gladness, and glee!

So, Clara! let joy shed its light o'er thy being
While the spring-time of youth and of beauty are thine;
While sorrows, like phantoms, before thee are fleeing,
And Love's vestal fires are still bright on thy shrine.
Thrice happy the heart which hath made thee its idol—
Which hath wooed thee, and won thee, and calls thee
its own;

Oh! when thou shalt stand in the robes of the bridal
Before the pure altar, may Love reign alone!

Too soon thou wilt turn from the scenes of thy childhood,
To seek thee a home in the far forest shade;
There the song of the zephyr, the wave, and the wild-
wood,

Will weave with thy dreamings the sweet serenade.
Yet the prayers of thy kindred will follow thee thither,
They will bless thee, as now, in that far distant clime;
But the autumn must come, and the wild-roses wither,
So thou, too, must bow to the mandate of Time.

Though thy *new* home may be to thee fonder and nearer,
Yet the friends who now love thee thou canst not forget;
For absence and distance will render thee dearer,
And, though years intervene, they will cling too thee yet!

The scenes of thy *first* home—the pines, dim and hoary—
The elm-shaded school-house that stood on the hill—
The church-spires that pointed the pathway to glory,—
Though far, far away—thou wilt think of them still!

Lost nations beneath those dark forests have flourished,
Since the breezes first played with their evergreen
plumes;
O'er the hopes and the dreams which Ambition hath nour-
ished,
There the funeral flower hath shed its perfumes!
Down Life's noiseless current how gaily we're gliding,
Spell-bound, on our voyage to the desolate main!—
And we think not that wave after wave is dividing
Loved faces and forms that will meet not again!

Fare thee well! When the blossoms of youth shall have
perished,
And the sweet dreams of rapture and romance have
pass'd,
May thy life be as bright as the hopes thou hast cherished,
May the heart thou hast trusted be true to the last!
Once again, fare thee well! Around Bantam's blue billow
The day-light is fading from hill-side and shore;
I have hung my old harp on the low-drooping willow,—
I shall wake its wild numbers to Clara no more!

TO REDELIA.

I HAVE sung of Wit and Beauty,
Glowing cheeks and glossy curls;—
'T is a poet's pride and duty
To immortalize the girls!
But my harp too long hath slumbered
To repeat such sounds again;
All its gayest notes are numbered,
I must wake a graver strain.

May the bower of bliss be over
Her for whom my harp is strung!—
Oh, what dreams of glory hover
Round the beautiful and young!
Fair Redelia! Heaven smiles o'er thee,
Thou art in thy spring-time now;
The bright summer is before thee,
Decked with roses for thy brow.

Youthful beauty round thee lingers,
But its transient hues will fly;
Time and Age with frosty fingers
Touch its blossoms, and they die.

Yet rejoice, while Hope is keeping
Watch upon her emerald throne,
Ere thy cheek is paled with weeping,
Ere the birds of love have flown!

Round thee bloom life's richest flowers—
Seek them while they may be sought,—
Build thy castles and thy towers—
Treasure up each happy thought.
When in distant years thou turnest
To survey the glorious Past,
Many a star, which now thou spurnest,
Will a hallowed radiance cast.

Though the light of love be glowing
On thy spirit's inmost shrine,
To some kindred heart bestowing
Bliss and rapture half divine;
Yet to me its glory seemeth
Like some pure and distant star—
Fixed and brightly though it beameth,
I must worship from afar!

Glorious sights enwrap thy vision,
Voyager on the fleeting hours!
Far in Fancy's bright Elysian
Wave its ever-blooming bowers;
Thou art young and joyous-hearted,
But my sweetest dreams are o'er;—

Time is flying!—we have parted,
And perchance may meet no more.

Thou, with swift and gentle motion,
Down Life's summer stream will glide,—
I, upon the world's great ocean,
Warring with the wind and tide.
Yet, whate'er our lot or station,
Wheresoe'er our barks are driven,
May the pole-star of Salvation
Guide us to the port of Heaven!

A NEW-YEAR'S REVERIE.

~~~~~  
"From grave to gay."  
~~~~~

READER! upon this hillock pause,
And with Reflection's eye look back,
And on the landscape of the Past
Survey thy winding track;
And ere thou join'st again the strife,
And minglest with the scenes of life,
To run thy glad and gay career,
Forgetful of the Dying Year,
Bestow a brief but sober thought
Upon the changes it hath wrought.
Though vanished, to return no more,
Its foot-prints linger on the shore,
And never, till the Archangel's shout,
Shall they be finally washed out,—
Nor the long lapse of coming times
Can blot its unforgiven crimes!
The domes we build in toil and sorrow,
May fall and perish ere to-morrow;
But, safely garnered in the sky,
The good we do can never die.

The virtues of a godlike mind
Which aims alone to bless mankind,
— Unlike the ills which we inherit —
Live on, undying as the spirit !

City of Elms ! well mayst thou be
Clad in thy weeds of wo, to-day,
For with the dying year have died
Some ~~who~~ were late thy boast and pride, —
But now, companions of Decay !
Fair Science mourned when HUBBARD fell,
And murmured at the stern behest,
Though, like the bright and full-orbed sun,
He sank to a glorious rest !
And many a manly heart was sad,
And many an eye was seen to weep,
When HOWE so suddenly went down
To his last and dreamless sleep.
Let others give the mighty dead
A nobler tribute, if they can,
Than that which should adorn *his* tomb :
“ Here sleeps an honest man.”
All mourned when CUTLER died,
And quailed beneath the chastening rod —
A bright lamp in the social hall —
A pillar in the house of God !
And all admired his form and brow,
As late our busy streets he trod ;

The cold blasts sweep above them now —

His spirit rests with God !

On this gay morn, matrons and sires

Bewail the loved and beautiful ;—

Death's is an arm that never tires,

His shafts are never dull !

And many a sad and lorn heart pines

In secret o'er some lost loved one ;

And names that shone on gilded signs,

Are carved upon the marble stone !

Ah ! many a household mourns, to-day,

Some cherished idol snatched away,

— Emblem of all below !

With laughing eye and healthful brow,

They seemed as gay as we do now,

One year ago.

And many an eye that reads these lines,

How bright soe'er it now may be,

Before another New Year shines,

Will sleep in yonder cemet'ry !

The reader will, no doubt, remember

That famous night of last November,

When our renowned Professors said

The stars would streak the skies like rockets,

Till moon and planets all grew dim,

Like candles burning in their sockets !

Oh! many a bosom strangely burned,
The fearful mystery to explore;
And many an eye was heavenward turned,
Which seldom turned that way before!
And sleepy forms were dimly seen
Moving along the public Green,
With eyes intently turned aloof;
And ladies fair, on many a roof,
All wrapped in tippet, muff, and robe,
Sate with the patience of a Job,
And strained their pretty eyes to see
The grand celestial jubilee, —
Till, tired, they hid their rueful faces,
For lo! the stars, they kept their places,
And proved, as plain as Euclid could,
All can't be prophets, if they would.

There have been "dark" and "iron" ages,
And there was once an "Age of Bronze,"
(Or Byron lied,) when bards and sages
Flourished — all great and gifted ones!
And then there came a "Golden Age,"
Which brightly glows on History's page;—
Yet they were but a taper's gleam,
To our illustrious Age of Steam!
Our steam-ships, like old Neptune, leap
The bounding billows of the Deep,

And scorn alike the wind and tide,
And safely o'er its surges ride.
Our locomotives, huge and black,
Still rush along their iron track,
 With limbs and lungs which never tire ;
And, in their wanderings to and fro,
Like angry demons from below,
 They breathe out flame, and smoke, and fire !
With steam we turn our grinding mills,
With steam the doctor cures and kills !
I see, as with a wizard's ken,
A patent way to make great men—
A way too vast for our Professors
To comprehend,—but their successors
Will fix an engine to the college,
 And cast in blockheads by the score,
And turn them out brim full of knowledge,
 Fitted all science to explore !
Does this a freak of fancy seem ?
E'en now, with but a jot of steam,
Phrenology can make at once
A downright Homer of a dunce !
What lights will shine where glooms now lurk,
When steam shall have its perfect work !
Our coarse engines shall stop their clatter,
 And new ones move, nor move in vain,
But, formed for mind instead of matter,
 Will work like magic on the brain.

And yet a little farther on,
Still greater triumphs will be won ;
And patent engines, neat and slim,
Will walk our streets, upright and trim,
Or catch the spirit of the age,
And write and reason like a sage,—
And learn, like one half of mankind,
To move without the aid of mind !
Then men, to save their golden ore,
Will send them to the Senate-floor,
To take the place of public leeches,
And pass our laws and make long speeches.

BEAUTY AND FAME.

FAIR Maiden! while fresh flowers
Adorn thy youthful shrine,
While gaily pass the hours,
And Love's pure dreams are thine,—
Turn from the world away;
'Tis fraught with death and sorrow,
The fairest form to-day,
May fill a shroud to-morrow.
The bridegroom and the bride
Sleep in the Silent Land;
How often side by side
Cradle and coffin stand!

Young Warrior! doff thy plume,
Uncurl thy lip of pride;
Lured to their battle-doom,
What countless hosts have died!
Give to thy sword its sheath,
Go, lay thy trophies down!
Blood stains the victor's wreath,
There's guilt in his renown!

The mausoleum and arch
Commemorate the *slain*;
The king's triumphal march
Ends in a funeral train!

A moment—and a breath
Life's silver cord may sever;
When Beauty fades in death,
Say, does it fade forever?
And he, whose soul of flame
Shoots from its native sphere,
To chase the meteor, Fame,
Where ends his wild career?
His dirge the young may warble—
His deeds may live in story—
His name be carved in marble—
And *this* is human glory!

Yet pause! the notes of warning
Are heard in many a hall;
And sounds of mirth and mourning
Are mingled with them all.
The heart that is the lightest
Is first to feel a blight;
The star that rises brightest,
May set in deepest night!

There is a path of duty
Whose goal is in the sky;
There is an inward beauty
Whose blossoms never die.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

YOUTH, whom laurels are adorning!
Dash that sparkling beaker down! —
Would'st thou drink, in Life's fair morning,
Death to all thy young renown?

Or, art thou a friend or lover?
Cast the glowing cup aside!
For its mirth will soon be over,
But its madness will abide.

Hast thou heard, in midnight revels,
Wild hurras and curses loud? —
They must drink the cup of devils
Who would join the jocund crowd.

Christian! hast thou seen the dying
To their doom untimely hurled?
Art thou still in secret sighing
O'er an unrepentant world?

Smile not on the base Deceiver
Who delights in deeds of shame,
On the spirit leaves a fever,
And a palsy on the frame.

Out upon the lurking demon,—
Men and maidens, youth and all!
Can ye call a nation, Freemen,
While he holds the mind in thrall?

Hark! the tyrant's throne is shaking,
And he girds himself to die!
And a stricken world are waking—
Hear ye not their battle-cry?

Hoist on high the Temperance banner!
Tire not in the glorious war;
And the host shall sing, Hosanna!
As they hail the conqueror's car.

Onward!—heavenly lights will lead you,
Though the lights of earth be dim;
Ever onward!—God will speed you,
If your conquest be for Him!

MY GRAVER HOURS.

WHEN in the circles of the gay,
I smile and seem as glad as they ;
And thoughts of joy will oft intrude
Upon my spirit's solitude.
Yet I have sighed when thinking o'er
The loved ones I may meet no more, —
That some are sleeping with the clay,
And those that live are far away, —
That all my heart hath learned to cherish,
— The loving and beloved — must perish !

They tell me that my lay is sad —
That it hath lost the notes it had ;
And the chords that told of hope and pleasure,
Chime only to a mournful measure.
Musing o'er faded joys, I own,
Hath given my lyre a graver tone ;
I cannot, as in days gone by,
Awake to mirth its melody,
For some whose praise I sought, of yore,
May cheer me with their smiles no more ;
The loudest and the loftiest strain
Can never thrill their hearts again.

Where do your unchained spirits dwell,
Ye guileless and ye gentle-hearted ?
Bright, fleeting phantoms ! fare ye well !—
How have your meteor-lights departed,
Like dreams—so beautiful and gay !
Like dreams—so soon to fade away !

Then wonder not my lay is sad ;
The angels are not always glad —
The frost may nip the rose in bloom —
The gayest have their hours of gloom,
And Life's eventful paths are laid
Through scenes of sunshine and of shade !

SARATOGA.

BEHOLD, at break of day,
The gallant and the gay
Marshaled in war array,
And leagued to die!
On Saratoga's hight
Kindles the beacon-light,
Which shall dispel the night
Of Tyranny.

Here—mark the patriot band,
Fresh from the Yankee land,
Stubborn of heart and hand—
No pomp, no rivalry;
There—see the heirs of doom,
Arrayed in casque and plume—
The beauty and the bloom
Of England's chivalry!

The sturdy mountaineer
Brushed back th' unbidden tear,
And the strong youth, through fear,
Held hard his breath.

Anon, the eagle soars;
Hark! how the battle roars!
Fiercely the tempest pours
 Its shower of death!

The brave their doom defying,
The wounded and the dying
Madly for succor crying,
 Swelled the commotion;
Yet, 'mid those wild shouts blending,
Were fervent prayers ascending,
From spirits lowly bending
 In deep devotion.

Above the patriot lines
The sun of Victory shines,—
The foe at last resigns
 His boasted might;—
Hushed is the measured tramp,
And many a gorgeous lamp
Gleams in the victors' camp
 Brightly to-night!

Yet, victors, spare that blow!
Mock not a prostrate foe,
Nor triumph in his wo,—
 And, the strife o'er,

A Nation's jubilee
Shall welcome back the free
From war and victory,
To roam no more.

And ye, whose fall we weep,
Is not your rest as deep
As those who proudly sleep
'Neath sculptured tombs?
What recks it now, ye braves,
That o'er your unmarked graves
The golden harvest waves,
The wild flower blooms!

LINES TO A COUSIN.

HANNAH! we met in those sweet hours
When Hope made all things gay,
And Life's long path seemed strewed with flowers
To woo us on our way.
The clouds that lay before us seemed
Gilded and glorious as the dawn,
And our young spirits never dreamed
Their gorgeous hues might soon be gone.
We 've met and parted oft, since then,
—And we may meet and part again—
And men and things have sadly changed,
And some who loved us are estranged;
But—for thy heart, thine eye, and brow—
Their budding charms are blossoms now!

'T is sad to think that time will mar
The idols of thy shrine,
And dim the glory of the star
Which lights that eye of thine.
And as I mark the radiant smile
Which on thy cheek reposes,
'T is sad to know that beauty's glow
Must fade like summer roses!

I would that I might loose the clasp
Of Death, without a crime,
And snatch thy memory from the grasp
Of all-devouring Time !
If to these mortal hands were given
A lyre like those attuned in Heaven,
With skill to blend all hopes and fears
In strains immortal as the spheres,
Oh, then thy name and praises long
Should linger on the lip in song,
And they should aye be sweetly blending
With matin prayer and evening hymn,
Amidst the vestal flames ascending,
Whose light might nevermore grow dim !

The gentle accents of thy voice
Are breathing round me yet,
The magic of whose music-tones
I may not soon forget.
The memory of our mutual joys
My life and being hath pervaded ;
Yet why awake my harp to thee ?
Since, ere the morning's flush hath faded,
Alike the minstrel and his lay,
Unmourned, unheard, may pass away.

Our bards may praise, in loftier lays,
The maidens of the Brandywine,

But face or form I seldom meet
So beautiful as thine.
At thy far home on Hudson's shore,
Stern hearts to thee are vowing ;
And knees, which never knelt before,
Are at thine altar bowing.
But should'st thou be, as thou hast been,
A scorner of the vows of men ;
And should'st thou turn from all away —
The good, the gifted, and the gay —
To tread Life's devious paths alone,
May angels guide thee, gentle one !

I will not chide thee, for I know
Thy heart can feel the "friendly glow,"
And love is in thy soul enshrined
Which glows and burns for — all mankind !
So *I*, perchance, may claim a share ;
And when the shades of twilight fall,
And shadowy thoughts of joys that *were*,
Come o'er thy spirit like a pall ;
And when the gay are far from thee,
And mute the voice of mirth and song,
Then wilt thou breathe a thought for me,
Unshared, unnoted, by the throng ?

A SISTER'S LOVE.

WHY is heard the voice of wailing,
Where, but yesterday,
Youth and Beauty were prevailing,
And all hearts were gay?
DEATH hath culled a favorite flower
From the wreath of Love,
To adorn a fairer bower
In the realms above!

O'er the fate of the departed,
Men, with furrowed brow,
And the happy and light-hearted—
All are mourners now.
Ah! how soon each trace of sadness
Will be sought in vain!
Yet there's *one* whom smiles of gladness
Ne'er will light again!

Day by day the tear of sorrow
Told a Sister's grief;
But the phantom of to-morrow
Whispered of relief.

To the sad, a soft word spoken,
Pleasure may restore;
But to her, whose heart is broken,
Joy returns no more.

Now that seraph-form is sleeping
With the peaceful dead;
Mournfully the winds are sweeping
O'er its lowly bed.
But the life it did inherit
Rests not in tomb;—
Beautiful and blessed spirit!
Thou hast pass'd its gloom!

Shall we call those loved ones blighted,
Though thus from us torn,
Since their souls are re-united
By the stroke we mourn?
No,—though earthly ties are riven,
Purer joys they share
In the blissful halls of Heaven,—
. Let us meet them there!'

THE SOLITARY MAN.

He was a child of Nature — and the sound
Of her wild minstrelsy awoke his lay,
And, like the dreamer on enchanted ground,
He owned and welcomed her mysterious sway.
He saw, in all her fair and glorious forms,
A hand which sensual blindness could not see,—
Heard, in the whisperings of her thousand tongues,
The still small voice of the Divinity.
Oft in the rosy twilight he would go
To solitudes unsought by other minds,
And gather inspiration from the flow
Of waters, and the melody of winds.
And when the elements were gathering
Their scattered forces for the battle-hour,
He loved to stand and watch the lightning's wing,
And list the tones of eloquence and power.
And when, around the shadowy pall of Night,
The stars, like sentinels, their watch were keeping,
He loved to walk beneath their calm, clear light,
And muse alone, when all but him were sleeping
To him, who Nature's varied forms had known,
It was not solitude to be alone.

The quiet lake, forests, and streams, and flowers,
Were the companions of his musing hours ;
He sought them oft—and, in his nightly trance,
Scanned the broad heavens, and traced their wide ex-
panse,

Till every star that lit the midnight sky
Had grown familiar to his wakeful eye.

Behold him now in the lone forest's shade !

What secret charm can that wild scene pervade ?

What power can stamp thereon a new device,

And make that wilderness a paradise ?

Though darkness reigns, there is a light within,

Undimmed by sorrow and unquenched by sin,

Which o'er the gloomiest path its image throws —

Casting a glory wheresoe'er he goes.

Oh, what a reverie his soul inspires !

His mild eye kindles with unwonted fires,

And o'er him now there steals a heavenly ray,

Fresh from the fountains of Eternal Day.

Drink — lonely man — ay, drink thy fill of joy,

It seldom comes unmingled with alloy !

Though he was poor — a man without estate —

Yet men of understanding call him great —

Great in the sway of an expansive mind,

Formed to exalt and dignify mankind.

His fame was with the nations ; every shore,

Rejoicing in the sunlight of his lore,

Had echoed back a tribute to his name,—
And from afar the wise and learned came
To do him reverence. He was loved, and yet
He was as bashful as a violet,
And dwelt secluded in the glens of life,
Shunning alike the mountain-storms of strife,
And the serener paths where Fashion led
Her glittering pageant forward—to the dead!

Withal, he was unskilled in worldly lore,
And could not tell its silly maxims o'er;
He had not knelt at Mammon's golden shrine,
Nor whorshiped where Ambition's altars shine;
And hence the worldling, in his thirst for gain,
Talked of his indolence, and called his musings vain,
Returned his glance with an indignant eye,
And with a hurried step passed coldly by.
And some—nursed in the arms of ease and pride,
The heirs of titles and to wealth allied—
Discussed most learnedly his want of sense,
And o'er his sins spent all their eloquence.
Some smiled at what they deemed misanthropy,
And others still—blest be their memory!—
Whose cup of kindness sparkled to its brim,
Beheld the Lonely Man,—and pitied him!

ATHERTON'S GAG.

WHILE old Scotia's glens and highlands
Ring with anthems of the free,
And Britannia's sea-girt islands
Swell the note of jubilee,
Shall the lips of *yankee* freemen
Wear the padlock of the slave? —
Falter when Oppression's demon
Claims the birth-right of the brave?

Shall the light of Freedom's planet
Faintly glimmer and go out?
Hampshire! shall thy hills of granite
Echo aught but Freedom's shout?
Never! while thy sons inherit
The stern nature of their sires;
Never! while the pilgrim-spirit
Kindles from their altar-fires!

Talk of Russia's bleak dominions! —
O'er the doom of Poland sigh! —
Where the eagle's fettered pinions
Strive in vain to cleave the sky!

In our fair and free republic
 Meaner, viler despots frown;—
'T is the *Heart* that makes the tyrant—
 Not the mitre or the crown.

Let McDuffie speak in thunders
 From his Carolinian throne,—
The Democracy of Numbers—
 Shall they e'er his edicts own?
Birth-land of the lion-hearted!
 Shall he find a slave in thee?—
Whither hath thy fame departed?
 Rock-bound bulwark of the free!

Wren and robin, cease your singing!
 Cease your shouts, ye rustic swains!—
Ho! ye church-bells, stop that ringing!
 Know ye not the gag-law reigns?
Woodland, lake, and vale, and mountain!
 Put your robes of sackcloth on;
Yield your freedom, stream and fountain!
 To the chains of ATHERTON!

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THOUGHTS OF HOME.

A VOICE on the night-winds! — list, list to their roar,
Like spirits defying the wrath of the storm! —
But let them rage on, — they can fright us no more,
While Love is unchilled and Affection is warm.

The shelterless outcast, unpitied and poor,
As he wanders forlorn on the desolate moor,
When o'er his lone pathway there shines not a star,
Sees the cottage-light gleam from the hill-side afar;
And, though age hath passed o'er him, the fresh tears
will start,

And the flame of devotion enkindle his heart,
As he thinks of the loved ones accustomed to gather,
In the morning of youth, round the hearth of his father.

In the trail of Ambition, wherever I roam,
World-weary, I turn to the altar of Home;
And tones, like the music of angels, are there —
A sister's kind voice, and a mother's pure prayer.
I recall to my view, though half-faded by distance,
The forms that have vanished no more to return;
They gladdened my path in the dawn of existence,
And still linger like blossoms in Memory's urn.

My thoughts even now their sad vigils are keeping
O'er a brother who died in his earliest years;
Oh! far from the graves where our kindred are sleeping,
We laid his fair form amid sighing and tears!
The forests will don their green garments again,
And the flowers will revive in the Spring's balmy
breath;
The storm-god ere long will relinquish his reign,
But when will depart the cold Winter of Death?

I dream of a land where young Freedom is ringing
The death-knell of Tyranny's terrible reign —
Where Science the light of her glory is flinging
O'er each valley, and mountain, and plain.
'Tis the Land of the East — 'tis New-England's bright
shore —
With her streams stained with carnage, her hills washed
in gore;
With the fields and the forests her martyrs have trod —
From whence their pure spirits ascended to God.
There the ocean-toss'd Pilgrims first planted their feet
When from kings and oppression they sought a retreat.
Then cold were her mountains, and cheerless and damp,
Each rock was a fortress, each forest a camp,
Each field, dyed in crimson, sepulchre hoary,
Where the champion slept not alone in his glory, —
For hundreds with him in the battle sank down,
The partners alike of his rest and renown.

There the beauties of Nature their splendors unfold,
And the sun, rising up from his chambers of gold,
Looks out on a land fair as Eden's young bowers,
With its roses and sunshine, its fruits and its flowers !

Though o'er thee, my birth-land, the war-fiend is scowling,

 The stars of thy romance like beacons still shine ;
Though on thy bleak hill-tops the tempests are howling,
 What treasures of beauty and glory are thine !
In my own native vale there are fair ones, to-night,
Whose blue eyes are beaming with bliss and delight ;
And thither, swift-winged as the eagle, I fly,
Unappalled by the gloom that o'ershadows the sky.
As in sadness I left that loved valley at morn,
Ere the skies were illumed with the flush of the dawn,
I hailed the far light gleaming bright o'er the lea,
As a beacon which Friendship had lighted for me.

We've parted, we've parted — our Farewells are spoken,

But the ties that united our hearts are unbroken ;
And never, O never, may distance or time
Blight the roses that bloomed in Youth's beautiful clime !
When the Angel of Sleep frees the soul from alloy,
And Fancy goes forth on its errand of joy,
Oft in spirit I rove o'er the hill-side and heather,
Where in days long departed we rambled together,

When the spring-time of Hope clothed the Future with
flowers,
And no hearts were e'er lighter or gayer than ours.

My Home ! when I left thee the winter was drear,
Yet how pleasant thy scenes in the distance appear !
Thy forests and mountains — how proudly they rise !
I thought in my childhood they reached to the skies ;
The roar of thy cascades, the clack of thy mills,
Send a hurricane-hum over valleys and hills ;
And the mist-wreaths of morn, which encircle thy
streams,
Seem like curtains hung round the sweet Valley of
Dreams !

Stern region, I love thee ! Thy woodlands and waters
Are linked with old legends of battle and love ;
There the wild warriors fought, and the forest's dark
daughters

Told their vows, and adored the GREAT SPIRIT above.
Frail wrecks of Mortality — where are they now ?

Their glory departed long ages ago ;
And woman's smooth cheek, and the warrior's stern
brow,

Lie unmarked from the dust of the quiver and bow.
Yet I love thee, proud land ! There are eyes that are
brighter,

Now radiant with smiles ne'er by sorrow o'ercast ;
There are forms that are fairer, and hearts that are lighter,
Than Romance e'er saw in her dreams of the Past !

Bright home of my dreams! may I greet the again! —
In city and country I've mingled with men,
And they part and they meet with as little emotion
As the icebergs that float on the desolate ocean.
Oh, give me a friend who can sigh o'er my sorrow,
And rejoice in the summer and sunshine of life, —
Who can smile in the hope of a happy to-morrow,
And vanquish the demons of discord and strife.
I love a right welcome and warm-hearted greeting;
It wakes in the spirit its holiest spells;
Alas! that the smiles and the raptures of meeting,
Must ever be followed with tears and farewells!

NEW-YEAR'S RHYMES.

PREPARE for a glorious revel !
Music, and mirth, and glee ;
Old Time, the Bard, and the Printer's Devil,
To-day must hold their jubilee !
Shall Genius wear a curb, ye Graces,
Lest he be deemed a ranter ?
No — Pegasus, in broken traces,
Will go upon the canter.
So, clear the track ! ye heavenly Muses,
The poet seeks no aid from you ;
He drives a tandem when he chooses,
And bids the groveling light adieu !
Go, dance to-day in fields Elysian,
Leave me to guide the steeds of rhyme,
While I, with true prophetic vision,
Read the scroll of future time.

Great shade of Fulton, stand aghast !
The era of your fame is past ;
SCIENCE hath burst her ancient prison, —
Behold, a brighter light hath risen,

Before whose broad effulgent day
The sun gives out a sickly ray.
No longer slaves to dust and chaos,
We'll bid the elements obey us;
No more we'll wait, on land or ocean,
The lumbering engine's snail-like motion,
But make the Lightning-couriers tame,
To bear us on their wings of flame!
We'll catch the Comets as they fly,
And place a rudder in their rear,
And navigate the upper sky
As sailors do the sea down here.
As with the quickness of a thought,
We'll glance from zone to zone;—
O Croesus!—but when we get rich,
We'll have one of our own!
And then, "without regard to cost,"
We'll search creation o'er,
And find the Pleiad that was lost
From out the heavens, of yore.
We'll publish "Extra Sentinels"
For Jupiter and Mars,
And send our Yankee agents out
To get subscribers in the stars!
To furnish news from Mercury,
We'll delegate Calhoun;
And R. A. Locke shall be reporter
In the Congress of the Moon!

And then, for antique information,
We'll send an express once a-day
To that far corner of creation
Where worn-out worlds are stowed away.
We'll tell long tales of love and war,
And many a bloody grapple,
Which happened ere grandmother Eve
Ate that forbidden apple.
We'll publish legends that were hoary,
And songs that had been sung,
When Lucifer sat down in Glory —
Sinless, and beautiful, and young!

Full many a luckless child of Fame
Is dozing in the ditch,
Who thought ere this to write his name
In glory's highest niche.
Full many a pure and timid spirit
Now weareth, in the skies,
A crown which kings can ne'er inherit —
The regal crown of Paradise.
Full many a happy heart is beating
With life and hope, to-day,
Which, ere another New-Year's meeting,
Will molder in the clay.

THE LOST THAT COME NOT BACK.

~~~~~  
"THEY return — they return — they return no more —  
The heart's young dream when its spring is o'er,  
The love it hath poured so freely forth,  
The boundless trust in ideal worth,  
The faith in affection, deep, strong, but vain,  
These are the lost that return not again!"

MRS. HEMANS.

~~~~~

THE sweetest flowrets seldom blossom,—
Like truants from some fairer clime,
Too frail to bloom on earth's cold bosom,
They droop and wither ere their prime.
The beautiful and good are dying —
The pure of heart — the fair of form —
And withered hopes are round us lying,
Like rose-leaves scattered by the storm!

Since Manhood's schemes are all unholy,
'T were sweet to die in Life's green Spring,
While yet the heart is pure and lowly,
And Youth's bright dreams are on the wing.
'T were sweet, 't were sweet to leave untasted
The dregs of life—its want and wo —
And go, with all its wealth unwasted,
Where streams and founts immortal flow.

We see our idol'd ones departing,—
We sigh and say the last farewell ;
The quivering lip, the tear-drop starting,
The anguish of our spirits tell.
Yet o'er the gushing fount of sorrow
A thousand shining angels stand,
To tell us that upon the morrow
We meet them in the Spirit-Land.

We part — we pledge the farewell token,
And joy and hope blend with our pain ;
But the trusting heart, once crushed and broken,
Can never thrill with life again.
The blown-out lamp may be re-lighted,
The Spring earth's blossoms will restore ;
But the buds of early love, once blighted,
They bloom no more — they bloom no more.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF GREN-
VILLE MELLEN.

ANOTHER song is hushed, another harp is broken !
How fast the good of earth are heavenward flying!—
Our greetings and adieus are scarcely spoken,
Ere those we love are numbered with the dying.
The forms that moved so loftily before us,
Have to the silent halls of death gone down ;
Still, in our dreams, we see them hovering o'er us,
Wreathed in the deathless laurels of renown.

The good of other years—the high in station—
Sages and seers who toiled to win a name,—
Who erst had shone the beacons of Salvation,
Or blazed like meteors in the heaven of Fame!—
Oh, they are gone—all gone! And yet their glory
Gleams like the sunlight o'er the earth and sky,
And angel-chroniclers have carved their story
Upon the shrines of Immortality!

As when a bright star from the heavens departeth,
Lamented Bard! we mourn that thou art gone;
Yet, while in solitude the tear-drop starteth,
We watch thy flight, and long to follow on!

We weep that thou art laid at rest! Oh, rather
Should we rejoice to share thy blessed lot;
The sinless and the beautiful shall gather,
In coming years, around that hallowed spot.

And o'er the mansion where thy dust reposes,
The cypress and the willow long shall wave;
Returning Spring shall deck thy couch with roses,
And sweet wild-flowers shall blossom o'er thy grave.
Then, when the world in Nature's smile rejoices,
And the gay sunbeams through the foliage steal,
The earliest song-birds there shall blend their voices,
And chant their matins for thy spirit's weal!

There is from Death a mightier defender
Than frowning battlement or iron mail,—
Which nerves the timid where the brave surrender—
Which cheers the Saint, when Chiefs with fright grow
pale!

Oh, star-eyed FAITH! to thee, to thee 't is given,
To triumph o'er the phantom of the tomb—
To pass the crystal battlements of Heaven,
Freed from the terrors and the guilt of doom.

Yet shall the Minstrel waken from his slumbers!
His lofty lays to wider worlds be given!
And we, who miss and mourn his tuneful numbers,
Ere long may list their melody in Heaven.

Ev'n now, while we all vainly are deploring
That his frail dust is laid beneath the sod,
His spirit, freed from earthly dross, is soaring
In the pure realms fast by the throne of God!

TO REDELIA,

AT HER RURAL RESIDENCE ON LONG ISLAND.

AROUND thee fresh blossoms are springing,
To deck the green paths for thy feet;
And gaily the wild-birds are singing
'Mid the bowers of thy sylvan retreat.
I have fancied that fairies were flitting
'Neath the shades of the forest and vine;
'Tis a home and a region befitting
A spirit romantic as thine!

Such a quiet the Bard ever chooses,
While he turns from the mirth-ringing hall;
'Tis a spot where the Nymphs and the Muses
Might come, without wooing at all!
Though belles may be here by the dozen,
All famed for their beauty, 'tis said,
Yet I fain would be with thee, my cousin,
Through thy favorite by-paths to tread.

Oh! up at the break of the morning,
And hie to the beautiful shore,
When the streamers the waves are adorning,
And sweet music is heard in their roar!

Now, the anchorite laughs when he pleases,
The heart of the stoic is gay;
The wild-flowers have scented the breezes,
Health rides on the zephyrs of May!

The Eden of Love is before thee,
And thy dreams wear the semblance of truth;
And the halo of Fancy is o'er thee,
To brighten the hey-day youth of Youth.
When the hues on thy cheek shall have faded,
And the freshness of beauty is gone,
May the gems of thy soul be unshaded,
And, like stars in their zenith, shine on!

NAPOLÉON'S DEATH.

~~~~~  
"THE fifth of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words "*à tête d'armée*," (head of the army,) the last which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon expired."

~~~~~  
SCOTT.

POWERLESS the Conqueror lay

On lone Helena's isle,

Still dreaming of the day

When o'er his plumed array

He saw the god of Victory smile.

Hark! he gives the quick command;

He dreams that in his own loved land

Again he wields the battle-brand!

And lo! before his vision flits

The glorious scenes of Austerlitz,

And bloody Waterloo;

The ghostly forms of those who died,

— The faithful and the true —

Who stemmed with him the battle's tide,

When the death-storm swept far and wide,

Are marshaling before him!

He hears the reveillé again,

Which echoed on Marengo's plain —
 Rousing his legions to the fight;
 He sees their armor glancing bright —
 The Frenchman's banner o'er him!

'T was but a dream! Oh, dying Chief!
 Would that all thy wars had been
 As bloodless and unmarked with grief,
 As that which filled thy vision then!

See! the storms are gathering now,
 In the dark south-west;
 And, driven from her airy hight,
 The sea-bird seeks her nest.
 Loud the billows break and foam
 Round his high and rock-girt home!
 Fiercer tempests rend his breast,
 And his eagle eye grows dim; —
 • Laurels deck the hero's crest, —
 What is Glory now to him?

Darkness deepens o'er the wave,
 Like the dampness of the tomb;
 And the sailor, stern and brave,
 Shudders at the gathering gloom.
 Deeper shadows round HIM roll —
 'T is the sun-set of the soul!

THE LOVERS.

“OH! fly with me to Southern climes,
Where endless summers shine;
Our Northern blasts are quite-too rude
For gentle souls like thine.
Here storms arise and tempests howl,
And the hills are bleak and cold;
There, the skies are bright by day and night,
And the clouds like burnished gold.
And there the breeze from the orange-groves
Shall breathe its sweets for thee,
And perennial flowers shall deck our bowers,—
Oh, thither fly with me!”

“Nay, ask it not—’t is a stranger-land,—
My childhood’s home is here;
And the giant hills, and the dashing rills,
Though rough and rude, are dear.
’Tis true our skies are sometimes dark,
But the cloud and storm pass by;
And hearts are light, and eyes are bright,
Beneath our Northern sky!

Then ask me not to fly with thee.
To that far and fatal shore,
Where the pestilent breath bears the germ of death,
And the wan cheek blooms no more."

"'Death comes to all,' and, there or here,
He will come at last to thee;
And I know how dear these scenes appear, —
Are they dearer far than me?"
"Oh, say not so! — my home and friends —
Though with tears mine eyes are dim, —
At my loved ones call I can leave them all,
And find them all in him!
My home is with the heart I love,
Where'er that heart may be —
In the Northern shade, in the Southern glade,
On shore, or on the sea?"

THE DYING BARD.

~~~~~  
"THESE birds of Paradise but long to flee  
Back to their native mansions."

~~~~~  
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

~~~~~  
'T WAS Sabbath eve. The sounds of revelry,  
The voice of mirth, and the rude laugh, were hushed  
In the deep quiet of its solemn hours.  
The men of wealth—the sons of poverty—  
Had laid their cares aside, to muse on God  
And heavenly things. The softly rippling brook  
The full-robed trees rocked by the gentle wind,  
And the last song of the retiring bird,  
Stole on the ear with such a soothing power,  
That even man joined with the melody  
Of Nature in a note of praise, and earth  
Seemed for a while transformed to one vast temple  
Of religious worship.

In this calm hour,  
When the high thoughts of immortality  
Came o'er the spirit like a spell of joy,  
The youthful Poet lay, struggling with Death.



Like some lone traveler on the stormy hills,  
Whose thoughts dwell only on his far-off home, —  
The joys, the loves, the friends, that wait him there;  
So he forgot the terrors of the way,  
The sting of death, the grave and all its gloom,  
And longed for the glad moment to arrive  
When he might spread his wings for that fair land  
Where all the good are blest.

Some kindred souls  
Had gathered 'neath his lowly cottage-roof,  
To bid a last farewell. The setting sun  
Lit with its parting smile each leaf and flower,  
And shed its radiance on his snowy brow.  
He raised his drooping head that he might gaze  
On it once more, then with the fervency  
Of a young spirit purged from earthly dross,  
He sang his latest song :

“Proud Sun! whose brightness lit this new-born sphere,  
When from dull chaos thou didst first emerge!  
For one brief interval, oh! linger here,  
While from Life's farthest verge  
I lift my fading eye,  
To gaze on thee a moment ere I die,  
And read thy final doom, thou voyager of the sky!  
But hold! I may not stay thy flight;  
When the last soul lit by thy beams,

Hath passed beyond this land of dreams,  
Then Time shall change thy day to night,  
And spread o'er thee his final curse;  
'T were but a blessing lost to light

A soulless Universe.

Soon shall the Power which guides thee on thy way,  
Arise and pluck thee from the arc of day,  
And send thee forth, dark as thy sister spheres,  
To wander with them through the gloom of years.

But HE, whose living eye all light absorbs,

Can pierce the darkness of chaotic night,  
And watch the wanderings of those rayless orbs,

As through the boundless void they take their flight !

Prince of the sky ! beyond thy farthest ray

There shines a region of perpetual day,

Where saints to JESUS bow, and seraph-choirs

Tune to HIS praise their everlasting lyres.

And there they dwell secure. That peaceful realm

Storms cannot reach, nor darkness overwhelm.

I hear my SAVIOUR'S voice ! — I see HIS hand

Beckoning my spirit to that glorious land !

And lo ! its golden gates are opening now !

Celestial breezes fan my burning brow ;

God's messenger upon its threshold stands,

Waiting, with eager look, HIS great commands.

Oh ! come, bright seraph, on thy mission come,

And take my worn and wearied spirit home !

---

Friends! when my heavenly pinions are outspread,  
And I have flown, Oh, say not "He is dead!"  
I go to join the *living* in the sky,  
— Death's earth-bound arrows never glance so high—  
There endless praise the ransomed soul employs—  
There may we meet and mingle all our joys."

'T is over now!— the Bard hath ceased to dream,—  
Sublime realities are now his theme.  
The soul, whose fancy roved ethereal plains—  
Whose numbers flowed to emulate their strains,  
Hath gone to join the minstrel-band above,  
In their long anthem of redeeming love.

## TO MY MOTHER.

THE grave hath hidden from mine eyes the beautiful of  
earth,  
And years have marred the maiden's bloom, and hushed  
the voice of mirth;  
And some I deemed as angels true, are now estranged  
and cold,—  
Alas! that with the lapse of years the spirit should grow  
old!

Though o'er the wreck of cherished hopes my heart too  
oft hath grieved,  
And some I trusted have betrayed, and others have de-  
ceived;  
Yet, Mother! thou hast still been true,—thy love hath  
kept its flame  
Unchanging and unchangeable, in weal and wo the same.

Dear Mother! I bethink how, with mingled smiles and  
tears,  
Thou guardedst well my infancy and watched my grow-  
ing years,

And how thy voice of gentle love first let me up in  
prayer  
To the pure fount of bliss above, and quenched my long-  
ings there.

And when exultingly I sought the phantom of renown,  
And saw, on all my vaunted schemes, the fickle goddess  
frown,  
Oh, wearied with the world's vain strife, its coldness,  
and its care,  
I turned me to my boyhood's home, and found a wel-  
come there.

I mingle with the multitude—my way is with the  
crowd,—  
And gifted ones are gathered near, the powerful and the  
proud;  
Yet poured like incense on thy shrine my thoughts shall  
ever be,  
Though manhood's sterner lot is mine, and I am far  
from thee!

A spell is on me!—I am not as in the years gone by,—  
A purer and a holier light is beaming from the sky;  
Yet, though a sweet enchantment now hath joined me  
to another,  
Oh! never will my heart forget I am a son and brother!

## THE DEPARTED.

'T WERE sad, my friend, to leave thee there alone,  
Within thy narrow house, to sleep unknown ;  
'T were sad to think that o'er thy early tomb  
The fragile flower would shed its waste perfume,  
And the cold world so soon would dry the tear  
Once shed by those who loved and mourned thee here.

Since thou hast passed the gates of death, and trod  
Heaven's golden streets, the City of thy God,  
We would not call thee from that world of bliss,  
Again to feel the pangs and woes of this,—  
We would not call thee from thy home on high,  
Again to taste earth's bitter cup, and die. .  
And though we mourn, and shed the tear of wo,  
That we no more shall meet thy smiles below,  
Yet we would bow to Heaven's all-wise behest,  
And wait in faith to meet thee with the blest.

And thus as one by one of those we love,  
Leave these dull scenes for brighter scenes above,  
Oh, may the precious boon to us be given,  
To meet those cherished friends again in Heaven !

## A FAREWELL TO NEW-ENGLAND.

### I.

AGAIN I must leave thee, dear land of my fathers !  
Dim shapes in the distance are beckoning to me ;  
When dark o'er my pathway the tempest-cloud gathers,  
How fondly my spirit will fly back to thee !  
I leave thee, loved land, toil and danger despising,  
But the bonds that unite us no distance can sever ;  
One star in thy skies, from the dawn of its rising,  
Hath guided my steps, and will guide them forever !

### II.

Sweet Vale of my Childhood ! reluctant I turn  
From scenes that have been and must ever be dear ;  
And, long as the fires of affection shall burn,  
Thoughts of thee shall awaken the smile and the  
tear.  
What changes may come ere I greet thee again !  
The child may have grown to a sophist or sage,  
The bright locks of boyhood be hoary and thin,  
And the cheek of the maiden be wrinkled with age !

## III.

There we dreamed—in the mist of enchantment arrayed—

Of the noise we would make when we grew to be men!

And there are the fields where in boyhood we played,—

And there is the dwelling that sheltered us then;

No more shall its ancient walls echo our tread, †

No more at its altars in prayer shall we bow;

The friends it enfolded are scattered or dead,

And the faces are strange that are gathered there now.

## IV.

How many, alas! from our presence have gone,

Whose love gathered brightness as life neared its close!

Sleep on, ye loved ones! till the morning shall dawn,

And the song of Eternity breaks your repose.

Ye shall pass, ye shall pass through the grave's gloomy portal,

On the wings of a seraph your spirits shall rise,

And, clad in the garments of glory immortal,

May ye dwell with the ransomed of God in the skies!



## V.

A grave-yard! — where, wrapped in undreaming repose,  
Friends, kindred and neighbors are laid side by side ;  
How it softens the wrath of the bitterest foes !  
How it hushes and humbles the vauntings of pride !  
“ Writ in marble,” are names once familiar to me, —  
Of the proudest, the gayest, the fairest of all !  
How startling the thought ! can it be — can it be —  
That the forms we have cherished are hid 'neath the  
pall ?

## VI.

I go — but thy scenes will be none the less bright ;  
O'er the deeds of thy heroes the minstrel will dream,  
Other eyes will behold, with a glow of delight,  
The lake, and the landscape, the mountain and  
stream.  
As gaily, as sweetly the wild-flowers will blossom,  
As erst when they yielded their fragrance for me ;  
Oh ! when life shall be past, I would rest on thy bosom,  
And the dust which thou gav'st I would give back to  
thee !

## VII.

Farewell to the Past ! Like an unwritten story,  
The Future is teeming with pleasure or wo ; —

Ye angels of love, and ye phantoms of glory,  
    Lead on! I will follow wherever ye go!  
Yet long through the lapse of the fast-coming years,  
    Though I bask in Life's sunshine, or bow to its gale,  
I will cherish, alike in rejoicing and tears,  
    The friends and the home that once gladdened the  
        vale!

## THE BRIDEGROOM TO HIS BRIDE..

THE Bridal's o'er! — its scenes of mirth have past ;  
Angels might sigh for such an hour as this ; —  
Oh ! may it be an emblem of thy last —  
Bright with the promises of future bliss !  
Henceforth, my love, thy lot is cast with me,  
The seal is set which never may be broken ;  
As pure in spirit mayst thou ever be,  
As when thy early vows were fondly spoken !  
Could my most earnest wishes aught avail,  
They should be freely given for thee, my bride,  
That care and grief might never more assail  
The gentle being seated at my side.  
For aye my heart, all time and change defying,  
Shall pour its purest orisons for thee ;  
And I will cherish, with a faith undying,  
The love that breathed its first fond prayers for me.

I was alone ! — the fields had lost their bloom,  
The flowers for me no longer breathed perfume ;

A shade of sadness all my thoughts pervaded —  
 My castles fell — my dreams of romance faded —  
 And Friendship's soothing voice, and Beauty's smiles,  
 No more could cheer or charm me with their wiles,  
 Till THOU illumed my path. I bless'd thy light,  
 Thou star that rose upon my being's night !

Seen through the lapse of long-departed years,  
 How sweet the twilight of our morn appears !  
 We looked upon a landscape green and gay,  
 Whose scenes grew brighter with approaching day,  
 And, in the glow of life's enchanting Spring,  
 We deemed the world a new-created thing.  
 But these were gleams of evanescent fires, —  
 More lasting far the joys which love inspires !  
 The Future now seems fairer to my view  
 Than all the day-dreams that my boyhood knew.

Our bark is launched ! The skies are bright above,  
 The perfumed gales are whispering of love ;  
 Soft zephyrs woo us from the desert shore  
 Whose *lonely* pathways we shall tread no more !  
 Oh ! I would pray that life might always be  
 As full of bliss as now it seems to thee —  
 That time would ever leave thy heart and brow  
 As free from care's corroding touch as now —

That sorrow's tears might never dim thine eye —  
 That woes, which come to all, might pass thee by.

Life may not all be sunshine. Clouds will rise,  
 Dimming the brightness of these summer skies ;  
 And friends, long loved may die, and friendships wane,  
 And hopes may wither ne'er to bloom again.  
 Alas ! my cherished one, that thou should'st know  
 The pangs of the bereaved — the mourner's wo, —  
 That thou thus early should'st be called to part  
 With those whose love had bound them to thy heart.  
 Yet thus it is ! Pale tenants of the clay !  
 Mother and sister — they have passed away —  
 Passed to a land of love and blessedness,  
 And think'st thou they have learned to love *thee* less  
 Than when their smiles were on thee, and the voice  
 Of sweet affection caused thee to rejoice ?  
 Perchance their shades are hovering near thee now —  
 Perchance they heard thee speak the solemn vow —  
 Perchance through life, 'mid every hope and fear,  
 Where'er thy lot is cast, they will be near —  
 A guardian spirit and a guiding light,  
 To watch thy thoughts and lead thy steps aright.

Our bark is launched ! O'er Life's uncertain tide,  
 In calm and storm together we shall glide,  
 Gathering fresh garlands from the flowery isles,

Ever rejoicing in each other's smiles ;  
And though the hurricanes may sometimes sweep,  
Whelming huge navies in the troubled deep,  
Fear not ! if Faith and Love are at the helm,  
Storms will but waft us to a happier realm !

## THE EARLY DEAD.

I've mourned to see the aged die —  
The dark pall o'er them close,  
Though, like a wearied child, they found  
A calm and sweet repose.  
I've sighed to see the youth cut down —  
In Glory's eager race laid low, —  
While yet the green wreaths of renown  
Were budding on his brow.  
Yet keener were the pangs I felt,  
When over Childhood's grave I knelt;  
The thought, we must forever part,  
Fell like a palsy on my heart.

But Death on his dread errand speeds!  
The gay and beautiful have gone;  
And names which rung with glorious deeds,  
Live only on the sculptured stone.  
Fair forms, bright eyes, and happy faces,  
Which once I met, I meet no more;  
Ah, who shall fill their vacant places?  
Who shall those absent ones restore?

For they are gathered to the dead,  
And 'dust to dust,' the priest hath said,  
And the grim sexton with his spade  
Hath smoothed the bed where they are laid !

Yet oft in dreams and reveries  
Those long-departed ones appear ; —  
Why stoop they to our storm-vexed skies —  
Those dwellers of a brighter sphere ?  
They come — a blessed solace given,  
Which takes from parting half its pain —  
And whisper, like a voice from Heaven :  
" The pure in heart shall meet again !"  
Why then should we repine that they  
Were early called from earth away ? —  
Called from the first sweet hours of time,  
Ere they had known its pain or crime !  
Tears for the dead let others shed,  
But for the living mine shall flow ;  
'T were sin to weep for those who sleep  
Safe from the storms of sin and wo !



## A RETROSPECT.

Oh, long shall we remember well, like dreams of earliest  
love,

When o'er the bosom of the lake we sought the island  
grove ;

The shaded walks, the rich repast, the music, mirth and  
song,

The sail at twilight, and its scenes, we shall remember  
long !

And when the evening feast was o'er, and hearts were  
beating high,

Oh, then came on the merry dance beneath the moon-lit  
sky ;

And gallant hearts, and soft white hands, and fairy steps  
were there,

And sounds of flute and light guitar rose on the perfumed  
air.

The beautiful and gay were there—the ELLENS and the  
KATES—

And married men without their wives, and wives without  
their mates !—

And there was JANE—"my pretty JANE"—the fairest of  
the fair,  
With heart as light and eyes as bright as ever maiden's  
were.

There, too, was MIRA with the bloom of girlhood on her  
cheek,  
A smile was ever on her lips, as if they fain would speak;  
The Lizzys, with their glorious eyes, and features formed  
to please,  
And she, with air and look sedate, the modest, fair LOUISE.

Out on the canting moralist, who, in an hour like this,  
With bodings dark, and solemn phiz, would shade our  
present bliss;  
A ban be on the envious wight, whose side-long glances  
say,  
That Time will change those maidens fair to matrons old  
and gray!

We meet no more as then we met, in yonder sylvan dell,  
Yet, ere the minstrel's song is o'er, he speaks a last Fare-  
well!

Oh! ever be the smile as bright, as stainless each fair brow,  
Each heart as full of happiness and free from guile as now!

## REFLECTIONS IN A CHURCHYARD.

### 1.

How sweet at day-light's pensive close,  
When all is hushed and still,  
Calmly to walk where the dead repose  
From every earthly ill !

### 2.

I love, along these solemn aisles,  
And mournful walks, to tread,  
And muse amid the sculptured piles  
That mark the mighty dead.

### 3.

But ah ! a nameless man lies here ;  
No monument is seen  
To tell high or humble sphere,  
Or what his life hath been.

### 4.

Like all — when Life's young blossom ope'd,  
Its bloom was bright and gay ;  
Like all — he lived, and loved, and hoped, —  
Like him must all decay.

5.

A few brief years may pass away —  
And I am with the dead ;  
The stranger's feet perchance may stray  
O'er my forgotten head.

6.

Yet though they o'er my ashes stroll  
Till none shall heed the spot,  
When God these ponderous tombs shall roll,  
'T will not be then forgot !

## LINES TO MY SISTER.

MY HARP! again, and yet again, thy chords I fain would  
try,  
For thou hast cheered my loneliness in many an hour  
gone by;  
What shadowy forms went gliding past—what wizard  
strains were sung—  
As I woke thy lays, in other days, to maidens fair and  
young!

I deemed them angels straight from Heaven—those  
maidens, long ago—  
And thought the men had clipt their wings, to keep them  
here below!  
But they, like me, are married now, their heavenly  
charms have flown;  
Shall I sigh for others' angels, when I've got one of my  
own?

I wake thy tones to them no more,—the sweetest ties  
of life  
Are blended with the magic names of Mother, Sister,  
Wife;

To THEM my garnered thoughts belong, though scattered  
far they be —

For THEM the minstrel's hand shall wake thy chords to  
melody !

Dream on, my Sister, while thy life is in its pristine  
bloom,

I will not mar thy pleasant thoughts, or shade thy brow  
with gloom,

But pray that all thy coming years may prove as now  
they seem —

That love, and hope, and happiness, may not be 'all a  
dream.'

Thy days, thy years are hastening by — youth will be  
over soon ;

Oh ! joyful may thy Morning be — a fair and cloudless  
Noon !

May Disappointment never blight the blossoms of thy  
heart,

Nor vain regrets, nor bitter wrongs, cause thy sad tears  
to start.

May Heaven's rich blessings crown with joy the eve-  
ning of thy years,

And pure Religion's hallowed light allay thy rising  
fears ;

And when, upon seraphic wings, thy ransomed soul  
 shall rise,  
 May some kind angel hover near, to guide thee to the  
 skies !

## TO ONE BELOVED.

LET new-made sages strut in Senate hall,  
And vex their learned heads with cares of State,  
Wear out their lungs in patriotic brawls,  
And wage their bloodless wars in fierce debate;—  
Let modern Cæsars play the hero's part,  
And win and wear the chaplets of renown;  
I'd rather own the love of one true heart,  
Than fill a monarch's throne, and wear his crown!

And let Apollo wake his lyre to Fame,  
And listen while admiring crowds applaud;  
Be mine an honest heart—an honored name—  
My harp be tuned to Virtue, Love, and God.  
For Glory's voice is transient as a breath,  
And proud Ambition seldom finds its goal,  
Power and Dominion yield their sway to Death,  
But Love survives—immortal as the soul!

And though remote from thee my lot is cast,  
Yet fleet and oft my thoughts are 'homeward bound,'  
I dream anew the bright dreams of the Past,  
And seem to tread again on holy ground.



I call to mind thy well-remembered smile,  
Where Love hath set its consecrated seal;  
And pause to list thine earnest voice, the while,  
So fraught with fervor for thy loved one's weal.

How pleasant now each by-gone hour appears!—  
Like cloud-built minarets, too bright to last;  
The Poet's dreams—the Lover's hopes and fears—  
Are pictured on the landscape we have past.  
Fond memories and cherished scenes are there—  
Our evening walks by stream and waterfall—  
Our noon-day rambles to the huge 'Arm Chair,'—  
Dost thou, my best beloved, remember all?

Though time hath brought its tithe of grief and care,  
Are we less happy than when first we met?  
Life may have lost its gaudiness and glare,  
But all its richer glories linger yet!  
Bride of my Heart! beneath our own loved bowers  
Thy smile shall be like sunshine round my ways;  
Thy name, the watchword of my gayest hours—  
My talisman in Life's bewildering maze!

## SONNETS.

### I.

TO MARY.

THAT name to many is a magic token,  
Calling to mind the fair and loved of earth ;—  
I have a friend who answers when 'tis spoken,  
But she might blush should I record her worth.  
Life hath its lights and shades—its smiles and tears—  
The fondest hearts are often first to vary ;  
Yet, 'mid the changes of revolving years,  
I would not be forgotten by thee, Mary !  
Stored in some book-man's stall, this time-worn page  
May find a reader in another age,  
And he may pause and ponder o'er these rhymes ;  
Oh, to my heart 't were more than empty fame,  
If here shall be preserved to other times,  
This record of our friendship, and thy name !

—

### II.

THE BRANDYWINE.

My thoughts revert to thee, sweet-flowing stream !  
How oft along thy sylvan paths I've strayed,

Listening thy quiet tune beneath their shade,  
And blending with it many a happy dream  
Of my far mountain land,—the dear ones there  
Who loved me well, and named me in their prayer!  
Oh, once the hills that bound thy flower-girt shore  
Echoed the foeman's shout, the battle's roar,  
And the life-current of the good and brave  
Crimsoned thy banks, and stained thy crystal wave.  
Thou art renowned in story and in song,—  
The patriot seeks thee as an holy shrine,  
To thee the lover hies,—and, sad and long,  
The love-lorn maid will sing "The Banks of Brandy-  
wine!"

## III.

## MORNING.

Daylight illumines the East! — the morning breaks,  
And fields and fountains in its beams are bright;  
And Nature, rousing from her slumber, shakes  
Her dew-washed tresses in its virgin light!  
The stars are fading, and the god of day  
The wild-birds welcome with their roundelay!  
How sweet through the green meadow-paths to steal,  
In this calm hour when all with joy is rife,  
And things inanimate seem waking into life!  
Oh! if there is an hour when we may feel

At once our glory and our nothingness,  
'Tis when we ponder on a scene like this.  
How great — that such a world was made for us !  
How mean — compared with HIM who made it thus !

—

## III.

## NIGHT.

THE stars like jewels in thy crown are placed,  
Pouring their silvery beams, O Night ! to thee ;  
On thy illimitable scroll are traced  
The hieroglyphics of Eternity !  
How doth my inmost spirit yearn, to-night,  
To read those glorious characters aright !  
Philosophy, to its great truths appealing,  
May teach me that the orbs which round thee shine,  
And blaze forever on thy beauteous shrine,  
Are each a world in endless cycles wheeling ;  
Yet, seen in view of the Almighty plan,  
What are they all but one vast caravan  
Laden with souls, and bound to that Great Day  
When God shall make his jewels of such gems as they.

## THE PAST AND FUTURE.

A THOUSAND fancies through my brain are flying,  
Fleet as a troop of mounted cavaliers ;  
Now, *from* the foe — anon, the host defying —  
As moved alternately by hopes and fears.  
Old Memory, from out the misty PAST,  
Is marshaling his clans as if for strife;  
And Hope, the tempter, blows a syren blast,  
And calls the multitude unborn to life.

The panorama moves before mine eyes !  
Familiar scenes are opening on my view ! —  
What ghosts of long-forgotten dreams arise —  
Dreams, O how bright, and yet how transient too !  
Long since, with many a bitter sigh and tear,  
I laid their relics in oblivion's urn ;  
But they have found a resurrection here, —  
In long array their shadowy forms return !

And there the myriads of the FUTURE throng —  
A glorious band, unstained by sin and crime,  
Bearing the wreaths of Love, and Fame, and Song,  
And sweeping down the length'ning track of time.

And lo! the fierce-contending hosts have met!  
The Past is battling with the Life to Come! —  
Not 'mid the clash of spear and bayonet —  
Not to the music of the martial drum.

With hallowed scenes, glad thoughts, and wizard spells,  
Each strives to win a conquest o'er the heart;  
The ONE, a tale of Youth and Childhood tells,  
And paints the bliss which early hopes impart; —  
The meteor-form of Glory re-appears,  
Proclaiming through all lands the minstrel's name —  
Those glorious visions of departed years,  
When young Ambition wooed to dreams of fame!

The OTHER — how those hopes and dreams have perished,  
Like green leaves cast untimely from the tree, —  
Hopes which my heart had long and fondly cherished —  
Dreams which had made the earth a heaven to me.  
And, pointing to the glittering spires that shine  
Adown the pleasant vale of years to come,  
Portrays, as with an eloquence divine,  
The joys that cluster round Affection's Home!

The FUTURE triumphs! Fade, ye lights of yore!  
Adieu, ye phantoms that allured me then!  
Your spells are dead, your sorceries are o'er,  
Ye cannot wake my spirit's chords again.

Beloved ! the light which THOU hast round me cast,  
Hath yet a more enduring charm for me ;  
Henceforth I live, forgetting all the Past  
Save those glad hours which Memory links with thee !

My thoughts are with thee now, my spirit's idol !  
A joy is mine akin to that above ;  
Can we forget the hour when, at the bridal,  
We plighted mutual vows of truth and love ?  
How much of Heaven is in the hallowed union,  
When kindred souls are joined with bans like these !  
Linked heart with heart, in sweet and blest communion  
Together sailing o'er Life's tranquil seas.

My latest wish and prayer for thee shall rise,  
For thee my lyre shall wake its latest tone ;  
And, if my orisons shall reach the skies,  
Their purest offerings shall be thine alone.  
Forever may the ties remain unbroken,  
Which now unite us in the bonds of bliss !  
And, when our last farewell in death are spoken,  
Part we to meet in fairer worlds than this !

## "THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

THE days of yore — the days of yore —  
How blest the people then !  
Such times there may have been before,  
But ne'er will be again !  
Like meteors that have passed from sight,  
They left a train of glory bright,  
To tell where they had been !

Our farmers dwell in palaces,  
Bedeck'd from o'er the seas ; —  
The cabins where their fathers dwelt,  
Were rudé compared with these.  
But then THEY lived in glorious times,  
And scorned this tinselled show ;  
Each morn they rose to quell their foes,  
In ages long ago, —  
The wild beasts fled before their might,  
The red men bowed in humble plight,  
The forests were laid low.  
And when the winter evenings came,  
With storm and tempest dire,  
The hale old farmer sat before



His cheerful hickory fire,—  
With busy wife, and buxom lass,  
And gallant lads, around him,  
And told the tales of other times,  
How he had roved in distant climes  
Before St. Cupid bound him!  
And the good old wife looked up and smiled,  
As, blithe of heart and tongue,  
He sang the lays of his courting days  
When he and Moll were young!

The days, the days of Chivalry—  
The age of old Romance—  
When priests put on the warrior's mail,  
To win a lady's glance!  
They throng before my sight!—  
The pirate-chief of Saxon line—  
The Spartan, burning for the fight—  
The bearded saint and red-cross knight  
Equipt for Palestine!  
Then fair hands crowned the Minstrel's brow  
With evergreens and flowers;  
He passes all unnoticed now,  
—Those girls were not like ours!  
Oh! had I lived in "the good old times,"  
Of which the poets speak,  
My name might have been written down

Upon the records of renown,  
In characters of Greek !  
But the people that are living now,  
Are not as they were then ;  
And oft I pause amid my rhymes,  
And wonder if the good old times  
Will ever come again.

The days of yore—the days of yore —  
How beautiful they seem !  
Alas! they will return no more,  
Save in the poet's dream.  
Yet when an hundred years have fled,  
With all their cares and crimes,  
The men who in our footsteps tread,  
Will talk of *us* as of the dead,  
And praise *our* Good Old Times!

## HYMN FOR THE BEREAVED.

### 1.

WE have met once more together  
Round the blazing winter hearth ;—  
Life is like the changing weather—  
Storm and sunshine, wail and mirth !

### 2.

There are vacant seats around us,  
Some we loved have passed away ;  
Death in cypress-wreaths hath bound us,  
And we mourn the Conqueror's sway.

### 3.

How these earthly ties must sever !—  
Cheeks have faded in their bloom,  
Cherished forms have passed forever  
To the silence of the tomb !

### 4.

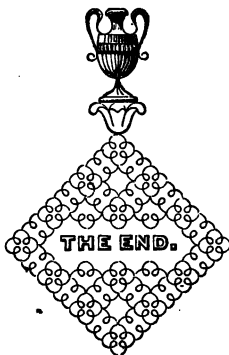
Oh ! we miss them at the altar,  
When our morning prayers are said ;  
Hearts and voices fail and falter  
For the absent and the dead.

## 5.

But a light unearthly flashes  
Round the dying Christian's goal ;  
Storms may sweep above their ashes,  
But they cannot reach the soul !

## 6.

Since their toils and woes are finished,  
Let us not their loss deplore ;  
Though our number is diminished,  
We will love each other more !



## NOTES.

"THE phantom ships all vanished ere our day." p. 87.

The legend of the Spectre Ship of Salem is given by Mather in his "Magnalia Christi Americana." An account of a similar preternatural visitation at New-Haven, may be found in Barber's "Connecticut Historical Collections."

"The time when armies swept the sky is o'er." p. 87.

Previous to the "Old French War" and the War of the Revolution, the aurora borealis was unusually brilliant, and of strange and mysterious appearance. It was supposed that an army of fiery warriors were seen in the sky, with banners floating, plumes tossing, and horsemen hurrying to and fro. The superstitions of that period led to the belief that the "wonderful Northern Lights" were ominous of approaching war, and the breaking out of those contests soon after, fully confirmed this supposition. [See Whittier's "Legends of New-England," p. 132.

"ELEGIAC STANZAS," page 59. Suggested by the death of JAMES M. JOCELYN, who died in the city of New-York, May 12th, 1837, Æ. 22 years.

"NEW-YEAR'S RHYMES" (p. 129) were first published Jan. 1, 1841, in the Wilmington "Delaware Sentinel," of which the author was then Editor.

"A NEW-YEAR'S REVERIE," (p. 97,) was published at New-Haven, Jan. 1, 1839.

"Fair Science mourned when HUBBARD fell." p. 98,

"When HOWE so suddenly went down  
To his last and dreamless sleep." p. 98.

"All mourned when CUTLER died." p. 98.

Reference is here made to the death of three honored and estimable citizens of New-Haven, who died during the year 1838, — viz., THOMAS HUBBARD, M. D., a Professor in the Medical Department of Yale College; General HEZEKIAH HOWE, an extensive Publisher and Bookseller; and WILLIAM CUTLER, Esq., an eminent Merchant.

"The reader will no doubt remember  
That famous night of last November," &c. p. 99, 100.

The New-Haven reader will not require a note of explanation here. To others it may be remarked, that on the night of the 12th of November next preceding the date of this poem, a fine display of "shooting stars" was anticipated by many, it being the anniversary of the great meteoric shower of 1833. The expectants were disappointed.

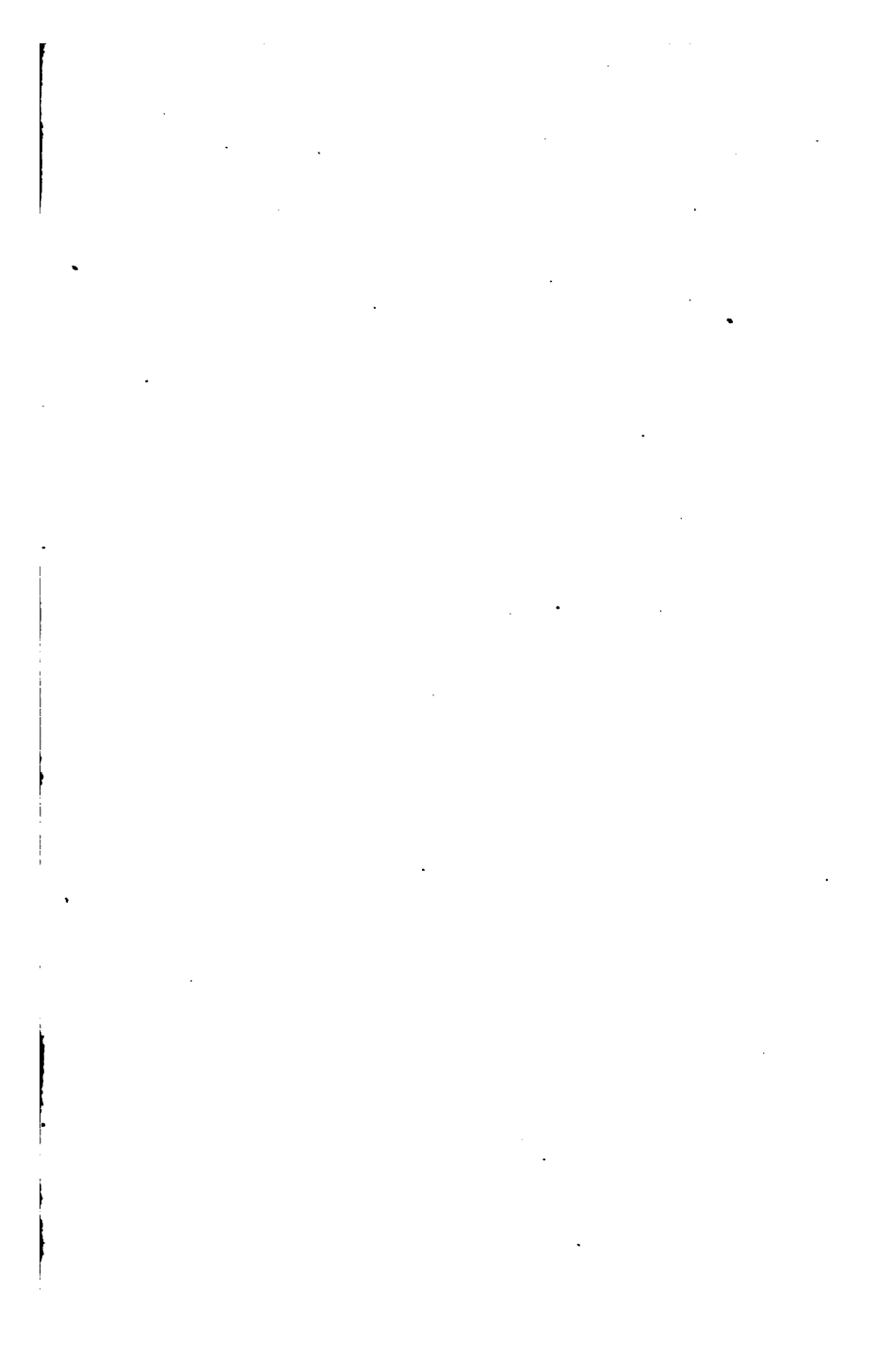
"A RETROSPECT," (p. 126,) — dedicated to the members of the Pic-nic Party at the Salisbury Lakes, August 22, 1842.

"THE DEPARTED." (p. 148,) Dr. WALTER PECK, an intimate friend of the author, died Nov. 13, 1834.

"Yet in visions I visit the green banks of Bantam." p. 42.

"Or roam by Bantam's quiet waters," &c. p. 53.

It may be proper to state for the information of those unacquainted with the word, that "Bantam" was the aboriginal name of the author's native town, (Litchfield,) and is still retained as the name of a beautiful pond or lake, a few miles to the south west of the village.









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